THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXXII No 23 — E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JUNE 6th, 1933.

Historical Society o

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NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at the call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, JUNE 13th, 1933
at 2 p.m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, June 14th, in order that they may be considered.

WILFRED S. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated June 5th, 1933. 23-a

Martin Senour Paint.
100% pure, for inside and outside use. Also a good quality lower priced paint. Portland cement—fresh car.
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TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
June 5th, 1933.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Mayor Arthur S. Kimmerly presiding.

Present—Reeve Paul and Councillors Luffman, Marsh, Fitzpatrick, Topping, Hughson, Cowling.

Minutes of last regular session were read and approved.

A communication was read from the Canadian Department Stores, complaining of the location of the popcorn wagon near their store, and asking that it be removed to some other location.

Referred to the Police Committee to investigate and report.

The Clerk read a copy of a letter received by Mr. Joynt, station agent at Napanee, from headquarters, in reference to C.N.R. train service and quoting some changes in the time table to the benefit of Napanee.

Laid on table for future reference.

A communication was read from Miss Ella Kimmerly in reference to sewer connection from her home to the main sewer on Water street. The distance is about 280 feet, and she asked the town to provide the necessary tile.

Referred to the Streets Committee with power to act.

Mr. W. T. Waller appeared before the council and complained of the condition of the open drain running south along side his residence. Mayor Kimmerly informed Mr. Waller that relief measures were now being considered.

Mr. Morris, caretaker of Harvey Warner Park, addressed the council, complaining of the action of some of the older children in the park during band concert nights, and asked for the co-operation of the police in maintaining order.

Moved by Coun. Marsh and Coun. Fitzpatrick that the Police Committee see that the police co-operate with the caretaker in maintaining order in the Harvey Warner Park on band concert nights. Carried.

Mr. F. Knapp, on behalf of the Citizens' Band, asked that some definite statement be given the band as to the amount of the grant they might expect from the town this year. Mr. Knapp stated the band would like a grant of $300.00, and the privilege of holding a street dance later in the season.

J. M. Simpson, K.C., also addressed the council on behalf of the grant to the band.

Moved by Reeve Paul, seconded by Coun. Marsh, that a grant of $200.00 and privileges asked for, be made the band. Lost.

Moved by Coun. Fitzpatrick and Coun. Cowling, that a grant of $300.00 and privileges asked for be made the band this year.

Declared lost on the following division:

Yeas—Cowling, Fitzpatrick, Hughson, Topping—4.

Nays—Kimmerly, Luffman, Marsh, Paul—4.

Moved by Coun. Hughson and Coun. Fitzpatrick, that a grant of $250.00 and privileges asked for, be made the band. Carried.

Mr. Storey, who has been crushing stone at the town quarry on Robin Hill asked permission to proceed with the crushing and make a stock pile of stone, for the use of the town, to be paid for when used.

Referred to Streets Committee with power to act.

Mr. F. Henderson, on behalf of the Lennox Fair, addressed the council in reference to a grant to the Fair.

Moved by Coun. Luffman and Coun. Fitzpatrick, that the sum of $100.00 be granted the Lennox County Fair. Carried.

Reeve Paul, chairman of the Finance Committee, presented the usual monthly report of the treasurer concerning the financial condition of the town.

Report received and fyled.

On motion of Councillors Hughson and Marsh, the Mayor was instructed to proclaim July 3rd, a public holiday in and for the Town of Napanee.

On motion of Reeve Paul and Councillor Fitzpatrick, a grant of $15.00 was made to the citizens of South Napanee to assist in repairing the suspension bridge crossing the river just below the Napanee falls.

On motion of Coun. Hughson and Coun. Fitzpatrick, the Clerk was instructed to draft a suitable resolution of condolence and forward same to the family of the late Judge J. H. Madden.

ACCOUNTS

The following accounts were presented and ordered paid:

Card's Garage	$1.40
Walalee's Drug Store	1 53
Napanee Fuel & Supply Co	2.00
C. N. Railway	1.00
Canadian Department Stores	1.77
M. B. Judson	4.00
J. L. Boyes	.59
Martin-Seynour Co	14.40

The usual Bell Telephone and Hydro accounts were referred to the Clerk with power to act.

BATH

While engaged in lifting his nets on Monday, Robert Rickey found a sturgeon, which owing to its large size, was the centre of attraction for a couple of days. The fish weighed 75 pounds and is one of the largest which has been caught in the local waters.

On Tuesday evening the young men of the village organized a softball team and Harry Hoselton was appointed manager, with Ben Thurston captain. With plenty of material in the village, it was thought that a team would have been organized before now, but evidently no one took the lead. The club officers and members of the team are very enthusiastic and are hoping to arrange exhibition games during the next two or three months. The boys opened the season on Wednesday night when an exhibition tilt was played.

Rev. W. S. Smart was in Bowmanville last week attending the Bay of Quinte Conference.

Clarence Young of Williamstown, who was called home owing to the death and funeral of his father, Fletcher Young, is remaining in the village for a while.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Young of Millhaven, in the death of their youngest son Howard, who died in the Hotel Dieu, where he underwent an operation.

Gordon L. Hawley, W. Master of Maple Leaf Lodge, and Past Masters G. W. Cuppage, Merton Mellow and George M. Loyst were in Kingston on Wednesday night and attended the annual meeting of Frontenac District, which was held in the Masonic Temple.

Mrs. Fred Horne and children spent a pleasant few days at Wolfe Island, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Horne.

Mrs. Tomlinson and family of Toronto, are holidaying in the village and are the guests of her parents, G. W. Cuppage, manager of the Royal Bank, and Mrs. Cuppage.

George Ritchie of Cleveland, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Amos Barriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burnebeer spent a few days the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Smillie, Millville.

Messrs. Wilfred Wilson and J. M. Simpson, of Napanee, were in Bath on Tuesday afternoon last and attended the funeral of the late Fletcher Young, at St. John's Church.

Ted Thompson, who spent the winter months with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson, returned to Rochester on Tuesday.

14 MILLION AMERICANS VISITED CANADA IN 1932

Montreal, June 5.—More than 14 million Americans visited Canada last year, according to an estimate received by the Tourist Department of the Canadian National Railways. This number constituted by far the bulk of the tourist traffic to Canada, the number of visitors from other countries being estimated at only 11,000.

The United States, in turn, attracted more Canadians than any other country, the number of Canadians who visited that country during 1932 being estimated at 1,500,000. Based upon population, the percentage of Canadians visiting the United States was about equal to the percentage of Americans visiting Canada. About 30,000 Canadians visited other countries.

Dealers in Montreal and Quebec city have imported several carloads of timothy seed from the U.S., which shows that there is still room for increasing production, although this year's total sealing of timothy in Quebec was 1,083,861 pounds, all of which was sold.—Dominion Seed Branch.

Say you saw it in The Express.

PROCLAMATION

PUBLIC HOLIDAY

In and by virtue of a resolution of the Town of Napanee, I hereby proclaim

MONDAY, JULY 3, 1933

as a Public Holiday in and for the Town of Napanee, in lieu of Saturday, July 1st.

And I hereby call upon all citizens to loyally observe the same.

ARTHUR S. KIMMERLY,
Mayor.

God Save the King.

28-b

BRIDAL SHOWER

One of the June brides-to-be was given a delightful surprise on Friday afternoon of last week at the home of Mrs. B. F. Davy, when Miss Grace Boyes was presented by her many friends with token of their good wishes. The house was beautifully decorated with huge baskets of purple iris and white spirea. The tea table was a picture with the silver basket of lily of the valley and purple iris, with pretty green candles around. Mrs. Davy received the guests in a mauve georgette with touches of purple velvet. Miss Boyes was in an imported gown of black and white, with white jacket and white hat. Mrs. F. S. Boyes wore black lace with green sleeves. Mrs. J. L. Boyes poured the tea, while Mrs. W. A. Grange cut the ices. Most delicious refreshments were served. The tea table was in charge of Mrs. Harry Boyle who was assisted by Misses Betty Smith, Helen Grange, Marjorie Gibbard, Christobel Taylor, Doris Anderson and Gussie Boyes. Miss Boyes was then asked to be seated in the centre of the room, when the Kitchen Parade started, to the music of pounding on tin pans, headed by the hostess, with all the assistants following with their arms full of very useful gifts. When the parade ended, there was very little to be seen of Miss Boyes who opened them all, smiling her thanks to each one as she read their good wishes. Among the out of town guests were Mrs. Chas. Boyes of Kingston, and Mrs. Findley, of Carleton Place.

BIRTHDAY HONOR

John Milner Simpson, senior partner of the law firm of Simpson and Reeve, has been signally honored on being appointed a King's Counsel, and is one of the youngest lawyers in this province to be so honored. A native of Napanee, his many friends in the town and county will be delighted to learn of the honor which has been conferred upon him, an honor well deserved.

An outstanding feature of the King's birthday honor list, is the selection of many who offered their services and left Canada during the Great War, and among these was Mr. Simpson.

Mr. Simpson was born in Napanee, a son of the late Dr. T. M. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson. His father was a leading practioner in this town for a long period of years, and also took a leading part in the municipal life and in matters of education. After completing his studies at the public school and Collegiate Institute, the new Kings Counsellor graduated from Osgoode Hall in 1920. In the year 1916 he enlisted with the Queen's University Highlanders and went overseas. Several months after reaching England he was taken ill, and in 1918 received his discharge and returned home in September of that year. Since his graduation he has practiced his profession in his native town, and has achieved considerable success. Among the outstanding cases which he has conducted, in fact the first one was the Young murder case in February 1921, which he successfully defended. On several occasions during the past few years he has been selected by the Attorney General's department to be the special Crown Prosecutor at Assizes throughout Ontario.

For six consecutive years he was a member of the Napanee Town Council, and for one year served as a member of the Board of Education. In 1930 he was elected to the highest office in the gift of the citizens, that of Mayor, and he fulfilled his duties with much capability. In addition to his duties pertaining to his profession, he holds several other important positions. He is solicitor for the Town of Deseronto, solicitor for the counties of Lennox and Addington, solicitor for many of the townships in county, and solicitor for the Canadian Bank of Commerce. He is a prominent member of the Anglican Church, and was signally honored last year by being appointed Lay Reader for the Diocese of Ontario by the Rt. Rev. John Lyons, Lordbishop of the Diocese. He is, also chairman of the Laymen's Association of the Anglican Church.

Keenly interested in politics he is a prominent member of the Conservative party and when the Eastern Ontario Conservative Association was formed several months ago, was appointed secretary. In fraternal circles he is a member of the Masonic Order and in 1927 was the Worshipful Master of Union Lodge No. 9, Napanee. Mr. Simpson is also keenly interested in the work of the Victorian Order of Nurses, and for some time has been convener of the Finance Committee. He is also one of the most prominent members of the Napanee Rotary Club, and has contributed to much of the success of the Club.

PAINT!
Is the best protection against decay. Get your boiled oil, Elephant White Lead and Antimo. Portland Cement fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

JUDGE J. H. MADDEN PASSES

Early Monday morning, death claimed Judge J. H. Madden, at the advanced age of 82 years.

Prior to March of this year, Judge Madden had enjoyed splendid health and was very active for a man of his age. In March he was suddenly stricken and for some days his condition was serious, but he rallied and it was hoped he might continue to improve, until Monday morning when he was again stricken and passed peacefully away in a few hours.

Judge Madden was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Madden and was a native of the Township of Camden, where his parents were successful farmers.

He attended Newburgh High School and Toronto University. Graduating with honors he returned to Napanee and entered the law office of the late D. H. Preston, K.C., and later joined the late H. M. Deroche, K.C., in the firm of Deroche & Madden. The partnership continued until 1903, when Mr. Madden was appointed County Judge of the County of Lennox and Addington. He remained on the Bench for twenty-two years, until 1925, when he retired with a pension and was succeeded by his son, Mr. J. E. Madden.

He was twice married, his first wife being Harriett Balfour, who passed away in 1892. By this marrage he has three children, Judge J. E. Madden, Napanee, Maurice Madden, of the Hydrographic Survey, Ottawa, and Mrs. W. E. Shuster, of Belleville. His second wife was Miss Mary Detlor, who survives. Of his father's family, but one brother survives, Mr John N. Madden of Montreal.

The law firm of Deroche & Madden was among the outstanding ones of the province and four if its members have been appointed to judgeship, namely, the late Judge Madden, his son, Mr. J. E. Madden, Judge G. E. Deroche of Belleville, and Judge Hammel Deroche of Melville, Sask.

The funeral will take place from his late residence, East Street, on Wednesday afternoon at 2 p.m.

VAN EVERY—GIBSON

The marriage was solemnized Saturday afternoon, at the home of the bride's mother, when Janet Isabel, daughter of Mrs. Gibson and the late Lieut-Col. Thomas Gibson, of Port Credit, was married to William Alan Van Every, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Van Every, Rev. A. J. Wilson, of Napanee, conducted the ceremony, and during the signing of the register Miss Olgo and Miss Stella Schlar, of Port Credit played the violin and piano. The bride, who was given in marriage by Mr. Earl Gibson, of Toronto, wore a gown of beige georgette, made on long lines, with a pleated frill around the hem, puffed sleeves and a cowl neckline. Her hat was made of matching mohair with a band of beige and brown ribbon and she carried Talisman roses and lily-of-the-valley. The groomsman was Mr. George Norman Cook, of Toronto. Mrs. Gibson, the bride's mother, wore a gown of black crepe with white embroidery, black baku straw hat, and a shoulder bouquet of gardenias. Mrs. Van Every mother of the groom, chose a black chiffon gown with lace hat and a corsage of Butterfly roses. Following the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Van Every left by motor for the North, the bride travelling in brown coat, beige frock, brown hat and accessories. They will live in Alexandria, Ont.

ROBLIN

There was no service in the United Church on Sunday evening as Mr. Oliver was attending Conference.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kimmett and family and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Kimmett visited on Sunday at Enterprise.

Miss Marie Paul, Toronto, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Paul over the week-end.

Mrs. F. Kelly, of Kingston visited her mother, Mrs. (Rev.) Oliver for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McFarlane, Forest Mills, spent Saturday with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kimmett attended the graduation of Miss Stella Aselstine, nurse-in-training at Kingston on Monday evening.

The Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. John Smith this Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Russel, of Selby, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Richmond.

Rev. Oliver, who has been pastor of the United Church for the past four years, has been moved to Morven, and Rev. Price, of Bridgewater, will have charge of this appointment.

Say you saw it in The Express.

NEWBURGH

Mrs. Joshua Mitchell, of Toronto, spent the week-end with her sister-in-law, Mrs. C. H. Carter.

Mesdames Warren and McLean and Miss Rosa Mulholland, of Peterboro', attended the funeral of their uncle, the late Wm. Mulholland on Sunday.

The people in Newburgh were glad to have Rev. T. H. P. Anderson return as their pastor for another year. Rev. and Mrs. Anderson have made many devoted friends since coming to Newburgh, who were sorry when it was rumored that they were to be removed.

Mr. Wm. Cooper of Strathcona, visited in the village one day last week.

Mrs. J. J. Morgan left last week to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. George Hyland.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Embury were recent guests of Mr. Elliott Embury, of Melrose.

Mr. Kenneth Rossel, of Peterboro, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rossel, last week.

Mrs. George Wartman had the misfortune to fall on Thursday evening, while hanging curtains. The step ladder on which she was standing came apart with the result that her left shoulder was broken and she also received other painful injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bell of Enterprise were the guests of the latter's aunt, Mrs. Maud Kellar on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cassada spent the week-end in Peterboro, visiting friends.

Mrs. A. VanLuven has returned from visiting her brother, Mr. Fred Lockwood and Mrs. Lockwood, Brighton, and friends in Peterboro. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Lockwood is improving from her recent illness.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the United Church Parsonage on Monday, June 5th, when Miss Jennie Brown, of Sharp's Corners, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Brown, was united in marriage to Mr. Donald Weese, of Selby, by Rev. T. H. P. Anderson. The young couple motored to Ottawa and other eastern points and on their return they will reside at his home in Camden. Hearty good wishes follow these popular young people.

The Frontenacs, a softball team from Napanee, came to Newburgh on Friday evening, and played a game with the Newburgh team. The score was 22 to 7 in favor of Newburgh.

Mr. Earl Bell, president of the R. E. C. of Newburgh and Camden visited the United Church Sunday School on Sunday and gave a short talk on Sunday school work.

The many friends of Ex-Judge J. H. Madden, Napanee, were sorry to hear of his sudden death on Monday morning. Mrs. A. Madden is a sister-in-law of the ex-Judge.

The annual meeting of the Newburgh Branch of the Bible Society was held on Thursday in St. Johns Church at 8 p.m. A splendid address was given by Mr. W. Warland, representative of the Upper Canada Bibles Society. A fairly good crowd was in attendance. The Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Ward Wartman, gave the report of the last meeting also a very favorable report of the donations last year to the cause. Rev. R. W. Spencer, president, was in charge and spoke briefly on the work of the society. The election of officers for the ensuing year was as follows: President, Rev. Anderson; vice-president, Rev. Spencer; secretary and treasurer, Hubert Simkins.

Rev. Spencer thanked Mr. W. Wartman for his excellent work last year and expressed the regrets of the branch for the resignation of Mr. Wartman on account of his removal to Napanee in the near future. Mr. Wartman and family will be greatly missed from the village and all deeply regret their removal.

SOFTBALL

Two league softball games were played on Friday night resulting in one-sided score.

The Selrites motored to Stratheona and easily defeated the boys from the paper mill village, the score standing 27-9. The Selrites seem to be the team to beat this summer, as "Bob" Sinclair has gathered together a very formidable team, and among the roster are chaps who know the game, and can hit and field.

The Red Indians, of Kingston are coming to Napanee on Wednesday night to play an exhibition game with the Selrites.

Newburgh, which is also a formidable team, easily defeated the Frontenacs of Napanee, the score being 26-6.

Both teams in their visits to the neighboring villages were accompanied by a number of fans.

COMING EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Town Hall, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 2-tf

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, LH.D. (Editor of the Sunday School Times.)

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

Sunday, June 11.—Mark 15:1 to 47.

Golden Text—God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. (Rom. 5:8.)

The central point in all the history of the world has been reached in our lessons. It was the focal point toward which all creation had been moving since the foundation of the world, and back to which all creation must look, through time and eternity. There have been many great moments in history, but none that is even second to this, for it is utterly unique. This is not the opinion of man, but the declaration of God, for He speaks of "the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. 13:8). The Old Testament, from the third chapter of Genesis on, is filled with divinely inspired prophesies of the crucifixion of Christ. The New Testament is the same up to the time of the crucifixion; afterward it is filled with divinely inspired retrospects of the crucifixion, when He that loved us "washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. 1:5).

In His official trials, religious and civil, the Lord never answered any accusations brought against Him. "The chief priests accused Him of many things; but He answered nothing." But when direct questions were asked concerning His person and office, He gave equally direct answers. He had answered the Sanhedrin's question, "Art Thou the Christ?" with the positive assertion, "I am." And now when Pilate asked Him, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" the Lord answered with equal directness, "Thou sayest," which meant, "I am." This Christ, Messiah, and King will yet be recognised and worshipped by the Jewish people as a whole when, in fulfillment of the Scripture, He returns to reign over them and over the whole world.

Twenty-five prophecies concerning the Lord, given in the Old Testament Scriptures, were fulfilled to the letter in this twenty-four hours at the time of His trial and crucifixion. Some of these prophecies had been uttered a thousand years before. Isaiah, seven centuries before, made several of them; Isaiah 52 and 53 should be read with this lesson. Thus: "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth."

The impressive suggestion has been made that, as Christ was the sinner's Substitute, and bore our sins and death penalty that we might not have to do so, therefore His lips were sealed when charges were brought against Him. He stood in the place of the sinner; and the sinner can make no answer when he is accused.

The Roman Governor Pilate was in the habit of releasing to the Jews any prisoner they might demand at the time of the feast. A murderer named Barabbas, one of a group of insurrectionists, was imprisoned awaiting his death. When Pilate asked the multitude, "Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?" the people, instructed by the priests, demanded Barabbas. When Pilate asked what he should do unto Jesus, and what evil He had done, the crowd only "cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify Him." And Pilate, one of a long line of rulers who have cared more for their position than for righteousness, yielded to the people's hate-filled and deadly demand.

It was only a few weeks later that Peter, no longer boastful or cowardly, but now courageous with true humility, faced a great crowd of Jews in the temple area and dared to tell them: "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of life, Whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses" (Acts 3:14, 15).

Have the class turn back to Psalm 22, written a thousand years before the crucifixion, and note the many details of our Lord's experience predicted there. "They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture"—exactly what the Roman soldiers did as the Lord hung on the cross.

When we remember who Jesus Christ was, the eternal Son of God and Lord of Glory, the Creator in Whom alone is life, we begin to realize something of His marvellous love and condescension, and mercy as He submitted Himself to sinful men, who in derision clothed Him with purple, and plaited a crown of thorns, and put it about His head, and began to salute Him: Hail, King of the Jews! And they smote Him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon Him, and bowing their knees, worshipped Him."

When they offered Him a stupifying drink, He refused it. But unseen hands are pressing to His lips another cup which He must drain to its awful dregs—the cup of divine wrath against sin! That He will not refuse."

They crucified Him. The physical suffering of death on the cross must have been one of the cruelest, most torturing forms of death ever conceived. But our Lord's physical suffering was greater. For He, sinless, "bare our sins in His own body on the tree" I. Peter 2:24). He, Who knew no sin, was "made to be sin for us ... that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5:21).

That is why darkness settled down over the whole earth for three hours, as the Lord hung there. For "God is light,' and "this supernatural darkness at midday is but the witness that He has withdrawn Himself, has left His beloved Son to the cruel will of wicked men."

This explains the "orphaned cry on the cross," "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" For the first time in time or eternity God the Father had to turn away His face from His Son, because that Son was voluntarily identified with our sin, and God cannot look upon sin. So Christ died, not as a martyr under the blessing of oGd, but "being made a curse for us," and thereby "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." (Gal. 3:13).

One of the two thieves who were crucified on either side of the Lord, that day ,was instantly saved as he hung there, when he declared his faith in the crucified Christ as the Son of God. So may any one be saved today, at any moment, who believes that Christ died for our sins, and who accepts this great salvation.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD
Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

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NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

(Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture)

Peel County had a 200 per cent increase in poultry population from 1920 to 1930 and a 50 per cent increase in dairy cattle.

Fall wheat, alfalfa and clover are looking very well in most districts of Ontario.

Ontario grows about 30,000 acres of sugar beets.

Eastern Ontario has had a shortage of hay all season and has drawn supplies from Central and Western Ontario.

An adequate supply of pure water in the apiary, easily accessible to the bees, is as essential as food and protection at this time of year.

Ideal Range for Chicks

An ideal range for chicks is a clover field beside a corn field, or an orchard, where they can get all the succulent green feed they can eat and still have shade as required. Given those conditions, once the chicks go upon range, they can be reared with very little labour, dependence being placed mainly on hopper feeding.

Export Apple Market

In his report on market conditions in Great Britain for Ontario apples during the past season, Mr. Andrew Fulton, overseas fruit representative, makes the significant statement that "in spite of the difficulties encountered on the export market there was always a demand for good quality dessert and cooking apples at satisfactory sterling values. Unfortunately there were insufficient shipments of Canadian barrelled apples of outstanding colour and quality reaching the United Kingdom after December to meet the demand for this class of fruit. Good red Baldwins landing in firm condition never failed to meet a good reception and made values ranging from 24 to 27 shillings for No. 1 quality. Cranberry Pippins were in good demand and made good values wherever the fruit landed in sound firm condition. The McIntosh should be exported before Christmas, as this variety is evidently unsuitable to stand up to export handling later in the season as it invariably landed ripe and wasty. The Ontario Spy, that was once so much liked on the British market, is rapidly losing its reputation, owing to the variable condition of the fruit upon arrival. Most of the Spys exported are lacking in colour and are too large, with the result that they are very unattractive. It is my opinion Ontario needs another red variety suitable for export to help out the Baldwin which remains a favorite on this market."

Hedges Require Forethought

Trimming hedges requires years of foresight. One inch of growth left on all over the hedge each year is equivalent to two inches in width each year. Moreover three divisions have been made of the Province, East, West and North, with three complete sets of prizes.

The following kinds are covered—Winter Wheat, Spring Wheat, Oats and Barley, with competition in both grain and sheaves. In addition there is a grain class in Field Peas and Beans.

This section is open to farmers who have won prizes in Standing or Combined Field Crop and Cleaned Seed Competitions, conducted by Agricultural Societies in the years 1929 to 1932 inclusive. The products however, must be from the crops of 1932 or 1933.

Rose Culture

The simplest method of increasing roses is by the layering method. Take a branch that may be bent down, remove leaves and cover it with soil in spring, or during early summer. Rooting will take place more readily if the branch is injured by cutting into the wood at the base of a bud under the soil. The climbers are very easily increased in number by this method.

It is well to top dress the lawn at this time with bone meal. Keep lawn properly cut and edges trimmed.

The shrubs that bloom in spring and early summer should be pruned after flowering, this permits of vigorous young growth which flowers the following year. Thin out the old wood, keeping the plant in a good shape. Avoid taking too much wood from any one part of the shrub, simply thin it out on all sides.

Where shrubs are growing in dry soil it is wise to provide some form of ground cover, such as rotted leaves or straw. A mulch is also advised for newly planted evergreens.

Honey Retards Disease

To prevent the false impression being formed that because bees are subject to disease, some honeys might not be used for food, it is important to draw attention to the fact that what affects bees produces absolutely no effect on human beings. So far as bee disease is concerned, all honeys are perfectly safe for food. Further, it may be noted that honey, instead of promoting disease, tends to retard it, because most of the disease, organisms that attack man cannot live in honey. This is due to the water of their construction from the organisms and kills them.

O. A. C. Judging Team To World's Grain Show

A grain judging team, representing the student body of the Ontario Agricultural College, has been selected for the Inter-Collegiate Grain Judging Competition at the World's Grain Show to be held at Regina, July 24th to August 5th. Announcement was made recently by Dr. G. I. Christie, president of the college, that arrangements for the sending of this team had been approved by the Honourable Minister of Agriculture, Colonel T. L. Kennedy.

The team will be made up of the following men: B. M. Oohoe and N. Wright, of the junior class, and A. W. Archibald and C. N. Heath, of the junior class in agriculture. Professor Squirrell of the Department of Field Crops has coached the team and will attend the Grain Show with the boys.

The O.A.C. boys will come into competition with teams from agricultural colleges of Canada and the United States.

Soybeans Make Valuable Annual Hay Crop

Soybeans will be extensively used as an annual hay crop this year, especially in eastern Ontario, where over thirteen per cent of the hay and clover crop has suffered from winter killing. The crop is ideally suited to this purpose, and produces about two tons of high quality hay to the acre.

For Ontario conditions, the O.A.C. No. 211 variety is recommended. The seeds are sown at the rate of one and one-half to two bushels per acre for hay production, and as the plant is a legume, inoculation of the seed will benefit both the bean and the soil. The crop does well on a wide range of soils, is easily handled, and is as palatable to live stock as alfalfa.

The soybean demonstration plots that have been established by the Department of Field Husbandry, O.A.C., in every county in Southern Ontario, have done a great deal to bring this valuable legume to the attention of the farmers. The full possibilities of this crop for either hay or seed production are far from being realized in Ontario however, and many farmers would profit by making further inquiries, and possibly adopting the soybean into their farm cropping system.

Field Crop Classes, C.N.E.

Although the number of Field Crop Competitions in Ontario will be curtailed greatly this year, special classes have been provided by the Canadian National Exhibition authorities. It is the aim of the Directors to give every possible encouragement to Agriculture.

Prizes are substantial, as a first for bushel of grain is $10.00 and sheaf $8.00 with four prizes in each section. Moreover three divisions have been made of the Province, East, West and North, with three complete sets of prizes.

"Pork Barrel" Legislation

This term originated in the early part of the last century. On March 3, 1823, congress passed the first bill for harbor improvements. Opponents of the bill alleged its advocates voted for it for political reasons only. This so-called "rush" on the federal treasury was compared to the rush made by the slaves on southern plantations when the pork barrel was opened. River and harbor improvement bills were afterward facetiously called "pork barrel bills." The term has since extended to any legislation supposedly passed for purposes of political patronage.

Grim Jest

The story is told that in Texas years ago a bank president swindled his depositors, causing the sign to be displayed on the institution: "Bank Suspended." The embezzler was caught and promptly strung up, and under the tree the lynchers, with grim humor, placed the notice: "Bank President Suspended."—Boston Transcript.

HOW TO CONTROL THE CABBAGE WORM

A warning circular has just been issued by the Entomological Branch of the Dominoin Department of Agriculture dealing with the cabbage worm and its control. Important cabbage worms are velvety green caterpillars commonly found feeding on cabbages and cauliflowers. They eat large round holes in the leaves and frequently bore into the centre of cabbage heads. The adults are the yellowish to white butterflies seen flying over the fields in a hap-hazard manner on bright, sunny days of summer. The butterflies lay their eggs on the leaves which, upon hatching, develop into the green caterpillars referred to above. Control measures should be applied as soon as injury to the plants becomes evident.

Dusting with arsenate of lead and hydrated lime is the most widely recommended remedy. One part of this poison should be mixed with eight parts of hydrated lime and the resulting powder dusted on the plants in the early morning, or late evening when the leaves are wet with dew. Particular attention should be paid to the central portion of the cabbage and cauliflowers since feeding usually is most prevalent there. Two or three applications should be made as needed care being taken to apply the dust immediately feeding becomes evident. Due to the waxy condition of the leaves, spraying has not given satisfactory results.

If the plants have to be treated shortly before being marketed, dust with fresh pyrethrum powder, one part to three parts of hydrated lime or flour. This material is non-poisonous to humans. It can be secured at the local seed houses, drug stores or wholesale drug companies. The remedies recommended for cabbage worms, fortunately, control such other destructive cabbage and cauliflower insects as the cabbage looper and diamond-back moth.

METHODS OF STAKING TOMATOES

Training the plants to one or two stems on stakes has been found an advantage in the home garden, and also in commercial production. Stakes five feet long and about one and one-half inches square, will be found very satisfactory. Steel rods are also very satisfactory. These should be five feet long and three-eights of an inch in diameter. The cost is the reason-able since the life of these stakes is much longer than that of wood.

A wire trellis may be constructed, having the wires spaced nine to twelve inches apart, says Mr. T. F. Ritchie, Dominion Division of Horticulture. As soon as the plants are set out, one or two stems should be tied with soft twine or raffia to the stakes or wires, and all lateral growth or branches developing from the axils of the leaves, should be pinched out. This has been found to produce very symmetrical, smooth, clean fruit, and in sections of Western Canada, or where the nights are cool in summer, the tomatoes have been found to ripen sooner than when the plants were allowed to grow on the ground. Another method that has been found advantageous in the higher altitudes in British Columbia, is to set the plants in rows two and one-half feet apart, with the plants one foot apart in the rows. Tying to stakes is resorted to and the plants are allowed to set from two to three trusses of fruit, after which, all new growth is kept removed.

In sections where it is difficult to get a quantity of ripened fruit, it may be found necessary to pull the crop before it is frozen. Fruits that have developed colour can be pulled and successfully ripened in the house, or the entire plants may be pulled and hung up indoors in a dark room, where it is moderately warm, and where a large amount of the fruit will ripen quite well.

Two Brothers Were Governors

John and William Bigler were elected governors of their states, California and Pennsylvania, on the same day in 1851. Both were born in Pennsylvania, of German descent. John Bigler went to California at the time of the gold rush and was elected governor for two terms. He was born in 1904 and died in 1871. William Bigler was born in 1814 and died in 1880. He served as governor of Pennsylvania and also as United States senator from that state.

Illiteracy

The law stipulates that aliens over sixteen years of age must be able to read the English language or some other language or dialect, but exception is made in the case of persons physically incapable of reading; also, any admissible alien or any citizen of the United States may bring in or send for his father or grandfather, over fifty-five years of age, his wife, his mother, grandmother, unmarried or widowed daughter, provided they are otherwise admissible.

R. R. Bridge Across Tops of Trees

A railway runs across the tops of trees in California. At a spot near the coast there is a deep ravine, over which a way for the trains had to be made. To build a bridge of stone or iron was too costly, so it was determined to utilize the trees. The top branches were cut off at the level of the banks and the timbers for the line were laid on the stumps. This railway bridge is said to be quite safe.—London Tit-Bits.

RAISING SPRING BROILERS

(Experimental Farms Note)

The fact that nature has ordained that there shall be an almost equal division of sex in the propagation of the chicken would lead to an unfortunate waste in disposing of the enormous number of surplus males hatched each year were it not for the fortunate condition that she has also devised the most palatable and edible meat in the young spring broiler.

Owing to the low cost of production and the quick turnover there is a very fair market and a profitable return on this product, providing the opportunity is grasped at the right time. There is little or-no profit when the season advances and a great quantity of inferior birds is available.

Investigations into the cost of rearing broilers at the Dominion Experimental Station, Harrow, Ontario, have shown that a good Barred Plymouth Rock cockerel will reach broiler stage in eight to nine weeks and that the average weight of 146 pounds is made on an average feed consumption of 5 pounds plus green feed. The total cost of rearing will be governed by feed, plus cost of egg, incubation and mortality, but a successful batch of broilers should show a fair margin of profit even though the present market price may be less than has been usual in previous years.

Separate the young males from the pullets and force the growth of those that are intended for broilers by confining them in a pen, allowing two feet per bird. Feed liberally a palatable dry mash and when the birds are about six weeks old finish off with a fattening mixture consisting of two parts of corn and one part ground oats, mixed to the consistency of thick batter with sour skimmed milk. Change the straw or wood shavings litter frequently, to ensure the health of the birds, and clean legs and feet when they are marketed alive or dressed.

BEE WATERING TROUGHS

A special trough, five feet long and one foot wide, is kept full of running water for the bees at the Bee Division, Experimental Farm, Ottawa. When the weather is fine, the trough is literally covered with bees all day long, and even the most ground surrounding the trough is swarming with the water gatherers. Bees require water for the rearing of brood, and at the Central Farm have often been seen gathering water from the melting snow in the warm days of March.

Only Two States Have Phosphorus in Quantity

While there are deposits of phosphate rock in the West, practically all which is used in baking powders comes from Florida and Tennessee. Since the early part of the Twentieth century natural phosphate rock has been the principal source of phosphate used for food purposes. Formerly the rock was treated with sulphuric acid, in which process the tribasic phosphate was converted into free phosphoric acid. The crude phosphoric acid usually contained small quantities of impurities, which had to be purified phosphoric acid was made into monocalcium phosphate by reaction with calcium carbonate. It was then dried in vacuum, milled to a fine granulation and bolted to a uniform size. The wet process of producing phosphoric acid has to some extent been supplanted by the volatilization processes, in which phosphorus is volatilised, oxidized to phosphoric anhydride and condensed in a small quantity of water, yielding a concentrated solution of phosphoric acid (H_3PO_4):

Composition of Snow

The atmosphere contains a small amount of ammonia and it is possible for the snow falling through the air to gather up some of this ammonia, just as it carries dust, minute organisms and impurities from the air. After the first snow has carried down these impurities, the remainder of the snow that falls is clean and practically pure. Newly fallen snow is very largely air, varying from three-fourths parts of air to one of ice crystals.

Loss Powers of Flight

After the young of whistling swans are hatched the parent birds moult so extensively that they lose their powers of flight and are at the mercy of the natives who kill them in large numbers in their nesting areas in the Far North. The Canada goose, which also breeds in Arctic regions, is another bird that frequently loses its powers of flight as the result of its heavy post-breeding season moult.

Bill of Wrybill Bends Sideways

The wrybill, an unusual plover of New Zealand, takes its name from the peculiar structure of its bill, which bends sideways near the top, always toward the right. The bird seems to benefit by this apparent deformity by being able to reach and obtain small crustaceans and other minute creatures which can creep under rocks out of the way of the straight bills of ordinary birds.

Camels Eat Anything

One of the most desirable characteristics of the camel as a beast of burden in desert areas is that its food requirements are meager, the animal being able to eat whatever vegetation the desert affords. It seems to make no difference to these animals how dry and tasteless is the vegetation upon which they must subsist, and thorns appear to be no obstacle to them.

Unique Collection of Epic Poems Preserved

The second edition of the oldest book of poems in the English language has recently appeared.

The first edition, which consisted of one volume only, came out 1,300 years ago.

This is the "Exeter Book" which has, for centuries, been kept in Exeter cathedral. According to legend the book was compiled at the order of King Alfred, who caused the monks to collect in one great volume all the old poems of England. Such epic poems were sung by minstrels and handed down from father to son. To write them was rare indeed. Consequently the original Exeter book—which consists of 282 pages of beautifully hand-written and illuminated manuscript—is unique.

The book was taken out of Exeter cathedral for the first time in nearly 1,000 years to be brought to London for the preparation of the second edition. This is limited to 250 copies. For the book is not printed; each of the original pages is reproduced by a special photographic process, and the whole is bound in buckram blocked in gold.—London Mail.

Man of Great Learning but of Gross Exterior

Thomas Campbell, in a diary, described Dr. Samuel Johnson, the eminent English lexicographer and man of letters, with whom he was personally acquainted, in the following terms: "He has the aspect of an idiot, without the faintest ray of sense gleaming from any one feature—with the most awkward garb and powdered gray wig, on one side of his head; he is forever dancing the devil's jig (a reference to a nervous ailment), and sometimes he makes the most drivelling effort to whistle some thought in his absent paroxysms." David Garrick, the great English actor who at one time lived with the Johnsons, described Mrs. Johnson as "very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks of a fiorid red, produced by thick painting and increased by the liberal use of cordials; flaring and fantastic in her dress and affected both in her speech and general behavior."

Franklin's Cartoon

Benjamin Franklin was the first to print a cartoon in his Pennsylvania Gazette. There were rumors of war with the French and on May 9, 1754, Franklin published an "advice" for Major Washington that the forts in the forks of the Monongehela had been surrendered to the French. To this he added a cartoon representing a snake cut into eight parts, the head representing New England and the seven parts New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. This cartoon was widely copied by other newspapers at the time.

Hands Off Spanish Estates

Spanish estates of the duke of Wellington, grandson of the "Iron Duke," are not to be confiscated, as was inferred from an official list of 361 grandees whose lands were slated to come under "nutrition reform," in which the Duke's name was mentioned. Spain gave the original duke 4,000 acres in gratitude for his victory at Salamanca in 1812. The present duke offered to sell his estates back to the republic, but they replied that as his tenants were fully satisfied with his administration, they would not take over his property.—Montreal Herald.

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The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

WNU Service

He was at the dock an hour ahead of the ship. When it arrived he drew himself back of the waiting people, for he knew that Claire would not be in the rush of disembarking passengers, nor would she be along the rail

She Raised Her Lips and Kissed Him, With the Light Touch of Her Mouth, Which Was a Part of Claire.

in the crush that always gathered to wave their greetings to friends and relatives. It surprised him when he found her to be one of the first on the landing which he saw came down as he could see that she was looking for him. She was the same Claire, tall, slim, exquisitely dressed, a woman to be picked out of a thousand. He could always expect Claire like that, a wife any man would be enormously proud to possess. He waved his hat, and she saw him. A swift, beautiful smile passed over her face, and in his eagerness to reach her he made his way a little roughly through the crowd. His heart was jumping. He was meeting her alone—no one but himself to greet her, while always before there had been many. One dream had come true!

When they met he held out his arms. But that was not Claire's way. She was always right, never forgetful of the fitness of things—and gave him her hands. Her fingers closed warmly about his. She raised her lips and kissed him, with the light touch of her mouth which was a part of Claire.

"Dear old Paul!" she said. "At last I'm home!"

• • • • • • • •

Three days after her arrival Claire was mistress of the bungalow which her husband had prepared for her visit. Thereafter Paul could look from the window of his office to the physical realization of the second of his dreams. Claire was at last one of the wives who lived in the row of cottages on the hill. While this dream, like the friendly but dispassionate greeting of his wife in Quebec, missed something in its fulfilment, it had opened doors through which he was looking to still greater things for himself, and the woman who was making this fight against prejudice and environment for him.

"This time I am going to stay until you become tired of me and send me home," she told him.

The change in her was inexplicable unless he looked at it as one of pure sportsmanship. This he did, and was warmed by the thought of what he was bound to give in return for it. Behind her effort it was not difficult for him to see the truth—her struggle against instincts and impulses as deeply inborn as was his own Indian blood in himself. The desire to please him, its sunny cheer and friendliness, was an inspiration to him and strengthened his resolution to twist and bend his life, so that it would fit in with hers. He did not tell her this. The thought of explaining to her that he was about to make a mighty endeavor to cross the gulf which lay between them was embarrassing to him. Claire had said nothing about her own effort. Her actions had shown him the way. This lack of intimacy between them at times made him feel scarcely closer to her than some of the many friends she had. It was a thing which he could not tear down even in moments when some impulse or situation seemed to draw them very close together. He knew that Claire felt it as well as himself. Facing it, smiling at each other, waiting for some force greater than themselves to break the way for them, they said nothing about it. Each was hoping, and struggling, that this thing between them might be triumphed over. But it persisted in spite of them.

Each day he found something new and unexpected in Claire to increase his admiration for her. She became acquainted with the pit. She put on rubber boots and explored its muddy depths with him. She made no discrimination among his friends, and nodded and smiled as pleasantly at a foreman or a laborer as she did at the others on the hill. More puzzling to him than these things was her intimacy with Carla Haldon. After her first few days on the Mistassini they were together much of the time when Carla was not at her work. Even in this Claire joined her now and then, and talked to the children in Carla's classes about the boys and girls in other lands, and came to know their mothers, until she began to fill a little of Carla's place among them.

Carla came to his office again, but always with Claire. She was unlike the Carla who had brought him flowers, so different from her that he was left with a dully painful sense of loss when he was alone and thinking about her, as if someone very dear to him had died, leaving only memories behind. The paradoxical reason for this emotion in him was that Carla appeared to be strangely and forcefully happy. She was lively and gay, and joined freely in the small social affairs of the camp from which she had always held herself more or less apart. She talked only a little of Peribonka, and the forests, and of the places which he knew she loved, but seemed to hold her heart when listening to Claire's colorful descriptions of interesting places his wife had visited. The two had a real affection for each other. No matter how uncertainty might cloud his judgment in other ways, there could be no doubt about this sentiment of mutual regard which had grown up quickly between them.

One evening Claire said to him:

"It is strange how deeply I care for Carla. There is something about her which drags me out of myself to her. Yet I am finding it more and more impossible to paint her as I want her, she is so completely changed. Where is the real Carla, Paul? What has happened to her? Do you know?"

Her head was bowed over a bit of lace work in her lap, and she did not look at Paul.

"I have noticed the change in her," he said. "It has happened since you came. I think you have helped to bring her out of the terrible grief which oppressed her after her mother's death."

Claire smiled gently at her husband. For a few moments a contemplative light lay in her eyes, as if she were looking—not at him—but at a child.

"You think she is happier—since I came?"

"There is no doubt of it," he declared.

"But I cannot paint her. And it is because—there is so much unhappiness behind what she is trying to make us see in her face."

In his puzzled silence, she added:

"I am wondering why she tries so hard to make me believe she is happy, Paul."

Before he could answer she began to tell him about her talk to the children in Carla's school that day.

CHAPTER VII

Claire came to the Mistassini on the first of June. It was the fifteenth when they went to what Paul called the Big gorge, ten miles back in the rocky forest. This is the name which will remain a long time on the calendars of the simple-hearted folk north of Lac St. Jean, because of the miracle which happened there. It is a deity almost to be canonized. Priests speak of it, and people point it out, as a day of infallible proof of the omnipotence of God.

Lucy-Belle is not remembered, though it was she who planned the expedition to the gorge. In it, besides herself, were her husband and Paul, Claire and Carla. For two days preceding the journey Paul had men on the rough and narrow trail clearing it of obstructions and overhanging limbs and brush so that they might travel over it on horseback.

Paul had seen Claire turn white and tremble at the foaming unrest of the Mistassini beating eternally against its rocks, just as he had felt her shiver, one evening, in a deep and gloomy place in the forest, when the wind was whistling through the pine tops over their heads. He had taken her hand, and her fingers had clung tightly to his, as if these things which he loved sent a horror through her. On the morning of this eventful fifteenth of June, with sunshine and birds about them, he and Derwent rode a little behind their wives and Carla, and never had Claire looked so lovely to him. Her beautiful body seemed vibrant with the thrill of the day, her voice was sweet to hear, her eyes were filled with laughter, until he could almost make himself believe she loved the things which she was facing, and which had so completely conquered her until now. Her unhatted golden head and Carla's dark one rode side by side, one a shining radiance in the sun, the other richly lustrous, with gleamy pools and seas of darker shadow in it. For half a mile they followed a trail so close to the river that its roaring tumult drowned their voices and cobwebby drifts of spray came to wet their faces. Through this Paul rode close to the side of his wife, and saw her smile and fight to hide its effect upon her. Then they struck Indian file into the narrow, rocky, deeply rooted trail to the gorge, with Paul at the head of the little procession and Derwent following last. Occasionally the trail widened so that Paul could drop back and ride beside Claire, and each time he noted a little more in her face and eyes the thing she was fighting against, her dislike of the black forests and the earthly smelling swamps and the rock fragments of hills they were traveling through.

Toward mid-afternoon they came to the Big gorge. Those who have seen it can never forget the spectacle of its thundering water tearing itself out of a finger of the cavernous Laurentians, crashing through the open for a space in whirling maelstroms, then narrowing into a sullen, oily-looking avalanche of irresistible force as it descends into a chasm whose rock walls become higher and closer, until, at last, its fury and voice disappear again into the bowels of the Laurentians, making the earth tremble with its subterranean rumble and roar.

To His Amazement It Was She Who Suggested They S read Their Luncheon on the Edge of a Great Slab of Rock.

Its effect on Claire was not what Paul had anticipated. To his amazement it was she who suggested they spread their luncheon on the edge of a great slab of rock which projected into the stream, and from where they could look upon the wonderful play of water below them. This rock, several acres in extent, was covered with soil which was continually absorbing moisture from the river, so that it had clothed itself with a carpet of flowers and grass until it was an oasis of beauty in the heart of a rock-ravaged landscape which otherwise would have possessed little to offset its more forbidding aspects. It was Claire who also selected the spot for their tablecloth and who arranged their places afterward so that all might sit looking toward the mouth of the overhanging chasm, several hundred yards downstream from the rock which held its secure like an indomitable guardian before it. Between their position and the abyss of the gorge was a black and irresistible sweep of water which had the appearance of a huge, oily oil on its way to the mouth of a huge funnel. Halfway to the orifice a rock slowly wearing away with the centuries reared its grim and battered head out of the stream, cutting it like a knife in two equal parts. Even about this jagged tooth of stone was no glint of sunlit whiteness of froth or foam, and no sound came from this part of the channel except a sullen murmur and hiss, lending still greater reality to the caprice of thought that water must metamorphose itself to oil before the throat of the gorge would receive it. It was from the other side of the table rock that the chief tumult came, where for half a mile or more the huge chorus of the river bed went at work, slashing and twisting the down-rushing floods until, Paul thought, they were an inspiring and beautiful thing to look upon.

Yet it was the darker and more sinister side that Claire chose, with a scene under their eyes that was colossally awesome but equally unbeautiful.

As they ate their luncheon she let him know, for the first time, something of the strange fear which possessed her whenever she was near the fury of rushing water. He was surprised she should speak of it now, and not at some time when they had been alone. Derwent roused the confusion in her by saying, in answer to the question asked by Lucy-Belle, living creature whose habitat was land could exist for more than a few seconds in the oily Charybdis below them.

Claire shrugged her slim shoulders and looked with unafraid eyes upon what Derwent had accredited with the omnipotence of superdestruction.

"Were you ever haunted by a dream?" she asked. "I have been, since childhood. Most children dream of falling from ladders and housetops, of seeing ghosts, of running away from dangers—but mine was always of water. It has remained with me. I am terribly afraid of water, but only when it is angry. The ocean terrifies me when it lashes itself white. I found a lovely place to paint in Cornwall, but the surf was always beating against the cliffs and drove me away. Water like this below us does not disturb me at all. It is so smooth and unbroken, like a ripple in Carla's hair when it is down—so soft and velvety looking as it turns over and over, that I can scarcely believe what you have said, Doctor Derwent. I would jump into it without fear, while back there—where it is breaking itself into spray and foam—I would never have the courage to start it"

"Perhaps you might live—but there could be no possibility of it," said Derwent.

"I can almost fancy walking upon it without wetting my shoes, it is so firm and substantial looking," persisted Claire.

"Did you ever stand on a mountain top and look down into the clouds and think how nice it would be to jump off into one of the cozy little nests they make?" asked Lucy-Belle. "I have. Once I think I might have done it if Colin hadn't held me. He says I would have had another mile to go after I hit the cloud. But this down here doesn't appeal to me like a nice, white cloud all filled with feathers. It makes me think of a—a big boa constrictor running into a hole! I wouldn't try to walk on it, or jump into it, unless Colin fell in first and I had to help him."

"Would you—then?" asked Paul.

Lucy-Belle meditated for a moment. "Of course I would," she said. "Do you suppose I would let him go into that tunnel alone?"

"I—wonder. Life is a precious thing, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is more precious than the person we live with. We don't idealize the women who burn themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres in India. Do we?"

"I don't think so. Their sacrifice was inspired by duty and a religious faith. Neither takes the place of love. But if Colin were down there, going to a death like that, I would want to go with him. I would go. I cannot explain it. Isn't there a difference?"

"Yes—a difference that is infinite," said Claire. "In that instance a woman would be joining the man she loved in a final hour of life, that they might be together in the supreme moment. It would be choosing between a few more minutes and a few more years without him, and minutes measured by love are more priceless to a woman than years without it."

"Also to a man," said Derwent, holding his wife's hand closely for a moment. "I don't think we would hesitate to take the leap. Do you, Paul?"

"No."

He was looking at Carla, who was gazing meditatively upon the viscous sweep of water below them. She looked up almost in the moment his glance went to her. Her lips moved, as if for an instant she were on the point of speaking to him, and to him alone. Then she caught herself, and turned her gaze to the river again.

"A woman's love for a man isn't always like that," she said, and something in her voice strangely thrilled Paul. "I think there is a love so great that it is cowardly for it to deliberately die, a love so complete that when its other half goes there is still heaven left in memories of it. It is wicked to take the breath of human life from such a love because of a selfish desire not to live alone. I think, Lucy-Belle, if it came to the real test God would give you strength to hold yourself back. You would not die. You would live, and cherish the memories of your love like a garden of beautiful flowers."

It was as if a cathedral bell had tolled softly among them, so wonderfully gentle and strange was Carla's voice. Carla knew. That was the thought which gripped Paul, and it held the others. She had passed through the fire at which his wife and Lucy-Belle were only guessing, and it was from her soul, not her lips, that evidence had come. Claire gave a little start at his side, and her face and eyes were suddenly and vividly filled with light as she looked at Carla, as if all in a second a great and half-expected truth had come to possess her. Stronger even than the change in her face was the way in which she found Paul's hand and held it tenderly and warmly between her own. Never had the thrill of her entered into him as during these moments. He closed his hands tightly about hers. But he was looking at Carla!

Lucy-Belle sprang to her feet and drew Derwent after her.

"Let's not get sentimental!" she cried. "I'm going to throw all kinds of things down to my boa constrictor and see what he does with them. This to begin with—" and she flung out a paper plate which curved and circled, until, lighting gracefully upon the surface of the torrent below, it was caught like a feather and whipped with the speed of a bullet toward the maw of the gorge, without so much as getting its inner side wet.

Claire gave a gasp of amazement.

"I did not dream the water sped as swiftly as that!" she exclaimed. "But see! It is all I said! The plate is going—it has disappeared into the tunnel—and not once was it ruffled or upset. Back where the water is foaming and roaring it would have been destroyed."

"Wait!" said Derwent. He rolled the short log which they had used for a seat to the edge of the cliff, and with Paul's help tilted it on end and flung it over. "There goes a man," he laughed. "Now see what happens!"

They stood close to the sheer edge of the table rock and saw the log as it struck the water. There was an oily splash, and for a few yards the wood drifted away as smoothly as the plate had gone. A smile of triumph curved Claire's lips, then swiftly a frightened look gathered in its place. A hand had reached up, a terrible, unseen hand that had gripped the log like a living thing and dragged it down until no chip or shadow of it rode the liquid serpent under them.

"Hold your eyes near the rock!" commanded Derwent.

Breathlessly they watched. Half a minute later, as if spewed up by the monster who had swallowed it, the log reappeared near the huge fang which split the stream, struck against it, and climbed half its length out of the water, then sank back and disappeared again, this time to be seen no more.

"Gone," said Derwent. "And if you stood at the other end of the gorge five or six miles from here, you would never see that log come through. It is ground to pieces, goes out of existence in whatever there is between the walls of the chasm, which no man has ever explored, and none ever will. Are you satisfied?"

Claire was staring, wide-eyed.

"I believe it—now," she said.

Lucy-Belle had turned a little white.

"Still—I would jump in," she maintained, looking at Derwent.

Again Paul looked at Carla. The calm and placid beauty of her face seemed accentuated by what they had seen.

"And the wonder of it is there are so many who believe that Nature and God are not One!" she said, only for him. "Is it possible that in the blindness of our egoism we shall always fail to understand the significance of such things as that? It is a written word, in the hand of God, just as the Peribonka, with its gentleness and sunshine, is another and different message for us. That is what I believe."

Paul nodded. "So do I," he said, and felt the desire of all the world to Carla's head against his breast and hold it there.

Guilt fastened itself upon him, and a little later, inspired by the sweetness of her manner toward him, he whispered to his wife: "Claire, you are wonderful! God knows I hope some day to make you happy!"

"You will," she answered, and the gentle mystery in her voice and eyes stirred him with a deep emotion.

Until the play grew tiresome they brought sticks and chunks of wood from the edge of the timber and fed them to the hidden hands of the stream. The result was always the same, except that chips and grass and very light pieces of wood raced swiftly and safely away, like the pasteboard plate, as if they were too insignificant to attract attention from below. But with the heavier objects there was a variation so small in what happened that the watchers on the rock were amazed and fascinated, and started a little game of guessing how many seconds would pass before Lucy-Belle's huge snake spat up an object and then swallowed it again.

To end their sport Paul and Derwent staggered from the edge of the timber with a forty-foot log, which had lain so long in the drying sun and wind that they could bear its weight on their shoulders, and before this was tossed over the five made their guesses, the loser to entertain the other four at dinner the next day.

"I've a notion to ride this log through the gorge!" exclaimed Lucy-Belle. "I want to know what is under and between those walls which you say no one has ever explored, Colin. What do you suppose can be there?"

"An inferno of devils, I imagine," replied her husband.

"Possibly not. Fairies might live there," suggested Claire.

"A black and sunless place where lovely water maids without eyes frolic in the darkness," added Paul.

"Or a kingdom of Micomicon, where dreams are made and sent out into the world," said Carla.

Derwent was preparing his end of the log for a final heave. "I insist it is a place of devils and death. Still, like Lucy-Belle, I'd like to see what's there. After all, it's fifty million years of—mystery! Are you ready, Paul?"

"Ready!"

The log pitched down, and as it went the end of it swung like a living thing and struck Paul. Even before the blow—in the lightning flash of time when eyes behind could see it sweeping upon him—a sudden scream filled his consciousness, and as the timber caught him he saw it was Claire whose cry had tried to warn him. Then he was over. With photographic clearness his eyes beheld his fate. The swirling sweep of water and catch him on its oily breast, and for a brief instant after this there was a sensation not unpleasing about the hold. It was unaccountable that he found Paul's hand and held it tenderly and warmly between her own. Never had the thrill of her entered into him as during these moments. He closed his hands tightly about hers. But he was looking at Carla!

Lucy-Belle sprang to her feet and drew Derwent after her.

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Paul Saw the Swift, Deliberate Plunge Through Space of the Slim Body.

and the water in his eyes, he could not make out which was Claire or Carla or Lucy-Belle. But something told him it was his wife who stood nearest to the edge, with her arms reaching out toward him.

And then, on the cliff, one woman said to another: "Are you going with him?"

The woman spoken to gazed wide-eyed—motionless—voiceless—and after a moment of tense waiting the other said: "Then—I am!"

CHAPTER VIII

Paul saw the swift, deliberate plunge through space of the slim body which, in the uncertainty of his vision, an instinctive and positive impulse told him was Claire's. A woman's piercing cry came from the cliff, but no responsive echo of horror escaped his own lips, no sound, but an articulate gasp as the figure struck the water and disappeared. An appalling and devastating weakness seized upon him, a deadly sickness of shock, a thing that loosened the grip of his fingers from the clinging bolt of weeds and made him limply impotent against the dragging force of the undertow. For an instant his brain reeled in darkness. He began to go down, easily and slowly, as if the cruel and murderous hands below were fearful of arousing the inertness to which he had momentarily succumbed. Then water struck into his face and startled him. Heart and brain leaped in response to its warning, and he thrust up wildly and caught the weeds again. They hung closely to the rock, allowing him to drag his body upward till shoulders were out of water once more. He heard Derwent shout, as if from a mile away, but he paid no attention to the cry, nor did he look toward the cliff. The thought in his mind was that Claire would be with him in another moment or two. She would come to the surface near the rock, and he must be ready to seize and hold her with him until the weeds gave way—or a miracle happened.

Five or six feet from him, where the water was like a pool of oil that had no motion, a little disturbance suddenly flecked its surface—a change of light, a drifting up of something intangible and shadowy, a nebulous blotch which changed under his eyes to substance, a floating mass of hair. The sun was shining, the water was almost black, but there was no flash of gold in what he saw. The hair was dark. Carla's face became a part of it in a moment. It seemed to him that the monsters who lived about the rock held her up for him, with a smile on her lips and in her eyes, her face toward him and her arms reaching out. He was half in a daze, and might have fancied some of the things he saw. But Carla was there. She, not his wife, had come to join him in death. The quiet, terrible drama of it held him from calling her name as he waited for her to come within his reach. But the undertow drew her no nearer. For a second, two of them, three or four, it held her away from him, and each of these seconds was a lifetime in passing. Then he saw the distance between them widening, and as it widened the things below began to drag Carla down. She made no struggle, did not cry out to him, but only raised her hands so that he might see they were waiting for him, and waiting him, as she went to her kingdom of Micomicon, her land of dreams

(Continued on Page 6.)

Gladstone Classed as "Excellent" in Debate

It is certain that Gladstone often moved the house to long and hearty laughter, and that in private life, if he was among his own family or with intimate friends, he could be exceedingly amusing, playful and full of fun. But the fact is that he was apt, whether in private or public, to be too much and too earnestly interested in the subject of conversation to be inclined to treat it loosely or even humorously.

Lord Balfour remarked: "I remember John Morley telling me (it was in his pre-Gladstonian days) that Gladstone's humor was like grindstone through a horse collar. It may not have contained the raw material of good talk or good literature, but with all deference to John Morley, it was certainly excellent debating. It turned the laugh, if not the argument, against the victim."—From Lord Kilbracken's Reminiscences.

Small Ships Best Fighters

There is a common notion that large war vessels, such as cruisers armed with eight inch guns, offensive or aggressive, while smaller vessels armed with no more than six-inch guns are defensive. As a matter of fact the most aggressive vessels during more than a hundred years have been the small vessels, according to "Social Science Abstracts," which digests articles from 4,000 periodicals. "Actually, history has shown a far greater endurance than the very large vessels; furthermore, the endurance of a single vessel is not very important because a fleet is no more endurable than its smallest cruiser or destroyer."

Mixed

A farewell party was being given to one of the staff of a big store who was starting in business on his own.

The manager presided, but he was not accustomed to public speaking. Beginning his speech, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen—Our young friend is—er—about to paddle his own canoe—er—let us hope—er—he will have a level road all the way, and the—er—courage to overcome the mountains of difficulty—er—he will meet, so that he may climb to the top of the ladder—er—that others will follow in his footprints—."—London Tit-Bits.

Wrong Bridge

When closing time came at the village inn the angling club moved off with dignity to the bridge from which they were to angle that night.

They seated themselves, cast their lines over the parapet, and "fished" steadily till the gray dawn was breaking.

Then with a roar the first down train passed under the bridge!—Tit-Bits.

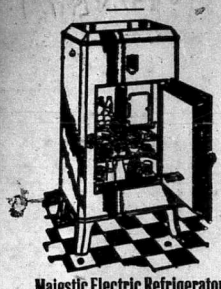
BUD 'n' BUB

DING DONG! DING DONG!

By ED KRESSY

JUMP INTO THE ROCKET-PLANE KIDS, TODAY WE'LL TRAVEL 'ROUND TO FIND A FEW INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT BELLS.
O.K. HOPE-LESS
JAPANESE BRONZE BELL
CHINESE BELL
ST. PATRICK'S BELL
ASSYRIAN BELL
BELLS HAVE HAD A PROMINENT PART IN OUR SOCIAL HISTORY—THEY GIVE ALARMS IN CASE OF FIRE, FOR INSTANCE. THEY PROCLAIM GLAD NEWS OR VICTORY, INSTALL MARRIAGES, THEY CLANG FOR CURFEW.
THE LARGEST PERFECT BELL IN THE WORLD IS THIS ONE, HERE IN BURMA.
AND HERE IN AMERICA IS OUR OWN WORLD-FAMOUS LIBERTY BELL, IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.
HERE IN MOSCOW IS THE GREAT BELL, WEIGHING TWO HUNDRED TONS.
WHO SURE HAVE A HARD TIME FLYING IF THIS ROCKET-PLANE WERE AS HEAVY AS THAT WORKING BELL, EH PROFESSOR?

WILSON'S HARDWARE



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THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

O.R.E.C. Convention.

The annual convention of the Township of Richmond O.R.E.C. was held at Empey Hill United Church on Monday, sessions being held afternoon and evening. Several from Napanee attended the convention and the ladies served dinner at the close of the afternoon session.

Splendid Improvement.

Considerable work has been done on Richard street, particularly at each side of the road where there was a considerable drop. The sides have been filled in with stones, and the steam roller was at work in the process of levelling. The work was a much needed improvement.

Police Court.

Edward Thompson, who was taken into custody a few days ago, on a charge of perjury in connection with evidence which was given at the Coroner's Jury to enquire into the circumstances surrounding the death of W. Henry Brady, and who was to have appeared before Police Magistrate Graham on Friday, expressed a wish Wednesday to come to court and plead guilty to the charge. The magistrate remanded the accused for eight days.

Work About Completed.

The work of razing the old frame buildings near the swing bridge, which has been in charge of Edward Luffman and a gang of men is about completed, and from these buildings, Mr. Luffman, who took the contract, has piled up much lumber. These buildings, which were used years ago for the storing of grain by Chas. E. Bartlett, were landmarks of the town, and the lumber is of good quality. The massive stone foundations are still standing.

Coal Prices.

The Pennsylvania Coal Mining Companies have announced that the prices in American Anthracite prevailing during the month of May will be continued during June and that on July 1st there will be an advance in price with probably further advances each month during the summer. The Welsh and Scotch Anthracite importers state that the June price is to be the lowest price on these coals for the year and that seasonal increases in price can be expected as the summer advances.

Fairly Good Results.

In connection with the pre-payment of taxes which scheme was inaugurated by the Town Council the first of the year, the results for the first year considering the depressing times, have been fairly good, and it may be that the council will again adopt the scheme for next year. The total collectable taxes in Napanee are approximately $125,000, and the amount received by the pre-payment plan is in the neighborhood of $11,000. Heretofore practically very few taxes were paid until the fall of the year.

Attended District Meeting.

Several of the Past Masters of Union Lodge No. 9, A.F. & A.M., motored to Kingston on Wednesday evening and attended the annual district meeting of Frontenac District which took place in the Masonic Temple. Considerable business was transacted, including the election of the District Deputy Grand Master for the ensuing year, the honor going to M. G. Johnson, of Kingston, Rt. Wor. Bro. J. A. Brown, of Tamworth, has been the District Deputy Grand Master for the past year, with Wor. Bro. Stinson, also of Tamworth, District Secretary.

Concert by Boys' Band.

On Friday evening a goodly number of the citizens heard a very interesting programme at the Harvey Warner Park, the Boys' Band presenting varied numbers. Although the band had played at indoor functions on several occasions, as well as at events in connection with the collegiate, including cadet inspection, this was the first time that the boys have given a concert in the Harvey Warner Park. With a senior band and a boys' band, the town is well equipped in musical organizations, and the boys, with their leader, M. A. Eppler, were delighted for the privelege which was extended to them. The programme consisted of marches, waltzes, overtures, and old time favorities were also played. The cornet duet was greatly enjoyed. The National Anthem brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

Attended Funeral.

Messrs. Wilfred Wilson and J. M. Simpson attended the funeral of the late Mr. Fletcher Young, which was held in Bath on Tuesday afternoon last. The service took place from his late residence to St. John's Anglican Church and was conducted by the Rector, Rev. L. G. C. Walker. Mr. Young was one of the prominent residents of Bath and had been in ill health for some time. He was a prominent member of Maple Leaf Masonic Lodge, and for some years was the capable secretary, relinquishing his position last year owing to ill health. He was succeeded in his office by D. F. Aylsworth. The funeral was held under the Masonic Order, and the esteem in which he was held was evidenced by the large attendance of Masons as well as the citizens. Surviving are two sons, Clarence of Williamstown, and Ernest, teacher at Wilton, and a daughter, Madeline at home, also a sister, Mrs. Dr. Northmore, of Bath.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30 a.m.—Class Meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the minister.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Dance at Erinsville.

The Addington Liberal Association are holding a special Dance at Palmeto Pavillion, Erinsville, on Wednesday evening, June 14th. Good orchestra. Everybody welcome. Tickets 25 cents. 28-b

Balloon Dance.

At Palmetto Pavillion, Erinsville, on Friday evening, June 9th. Jerry Collins and his new band will furnish music. A $5 bill in the lucky balloon. Refreshments. Admssion 50c. a couple. 28-a

Adolphustown W. I.

The Adolphustown Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. R. M. Roblin on Wednesday, June 14th, at 2 p.m. Grandmothers' Day. Roll Call—What I first remember and when.

DANCE!

A dance, under the auspices of the A.Y.P.A., will be held in the Parish Hall, Sandhurst, on Friday, June 16th. Good music will be provided. Prizes will be given. Lunch served. Admission 25c. 28-a

A Crafty Criminal of a College Campus.

"The Campanile Murders," a thrilling new novel by Whitman Chambers, starts in The American Weekly, distributed next Sunday with The Detroit Sunday Times. It is a story that seemingly could not have happened—but did.

Preached in Grace Church.

Owing to the absence of Rev. W. P. Woodger, the service in Grace church on Sunday morning was conducted by Adjutant Petrie, local commandant of the Salvation Army. There was a splendid congregation present, and the Adujant delivered a most interesting discourse.

Saturday Night Dance.

On Saturday night the management of the Hotel Palsley and the members of the Collegiate orchestra combined for a dance which was held in the spacious dining hall. Owing to counter attractions the attendance was not as large as expected ,and the boys in the orchestra provided a splendid dance program.

Napanee W. I.

The regular meeting of the Napanee Women's Institute will be held in the Agricultural Rooms on Tuesday, June 13th, at 2.30 p.m. sharp. Mr. M. R. Reid will address the ladies and Mrs. Jas. Douglas will give a Travelogue. Roll Call—One of the best books I have read. All the ladies are cordially invited to attend.

Presented Playlet.

"Dr. Cure-All," a very amusing playlet, which was presented on numerous occasions this past winter by a cast of young men, was given at Strathcona on Thursday night, and was enjoyed by a splendid audience. At the close those who took part in the play were delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ballance.

Death of William Mulholland.

The remains of the late Wm. Mulholland, of Newburgh, who passed away in the Kingston General Hospital on Friday afternoon were brought to the undertaking parlors of Van-Luven and Wartman, the funeral taking place on Sunday afternoon to St. John's Anglican Church, Newburgh, after which the cortege proceeded to St. Luke's cemetery, Camden East. Mr. Mulholland was a native of Ireland and for many years farmed north of Newburgh. For some years he had lived a retired life in the village, where he pursued the avocation of shoe making and repairing. A week or so ago he met with a bad fall, and sustained a fractured arm, as a result of which it was deemed advisable to take him to the hospital.

Played at Peterboro'.

The Gibbard Athletics "A" team motored to Peterboro' on Saturday and played an exhibition game with the senior C.O.B.I. team of that city. The locals made a good showing and met with defeat by a narrow margin of runs, the score standing 6-1. Freddie Bentley was on the mound for Gibbards, during the first seven innings Tommy Pointer pitching the last two. The Athletics were in a tight pinch on two occasions, the home team having the bases load both times, but the Napanee pitchers with first class support did not allow a run in either of these innings.

In a county league game the fast team from Tacker scored a win over the Dorland team from Adolphustown, the score being 10-6. The game was quite a slugfest and was witnessed by a fair crowd.

Say you saw it in The Express.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE'S CHURCH
Rev. Canon R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services for Sunday, June 11th.

10 a.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.
11 a.m.—Holy Communion and Sermon.
7 p.m.—Evensong and Sermon.

NAPANEE CELEBRATES MONDAY, JULY 3rd. There will be 3 Horse Races —2.26 class, 2.27 class and Free-for-All. You will enjoy the holiday at the beautiful Driving Park.

Car Glass!

Windshields and door glass cut to any size. Portland Cement—Fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

PAINTING!

Paperhanging—rooms painted and papered $3.00 and up. A-1 workmanship.
25-c H. CORNWALL.

Would Re-Open Mine.

On Wednesday Peter McCoy, of Kingston (a former resident of Enterprise) with several other gentlemen from Kingston, were in the village with a view of opening up several of the feldspar mines in this vicinity to provide work for the unemployed. A considerable amount of equipment has been stored here since the building of the C.P.R. line, (which runs just north of the village) in 1912, when Mr. McCoy had a contract for building a portion of the roadbed. This material was examined to see if it could be made use of in the mining operations. The opening of these mines would be a great boon to that part of the country.

Few Conference Changes.

Very few changes were noted in the Napanee district, the changes having been announced by the Settlement Committee of the United Church at Bowmanville. Rev. A. D. Waite, of Tamworth, goes to Deseronto, Rev. W. D. Harrison having decided to superannuate at the end of the conference year; Rev. A. E. Oliver, of Roblin, goes to Morven; Rev. W. D. Craig, of Chalk River has been transferred to Roblin; Rev. W. E. L. Smith, a teacher at Albert College, Belleville comes to Selby, and Rev. W. H. Foley of Selby, goes to Springbrook. Rev. Earl Sexsmith, brother of Mrs. J. R. Smith and Ward Sexsmith, who has been near Belleville for the past few years, has been transferred to Harrowsmith, and Rev. R. J. Merriam, who was on the Bay Circuit a few years ago, will be stationed at West Huntington.

Band Concert.

The Citizens' Band will give the following program in the Harvey Warner Park on Friday evening, at 8 o'clock:
Street March—The Chief of Staff at the Park.
March—Remembrance of Colonel Miner.
Cornet Solo—Silver Threads Among the Gold—Mr. F. W. Knapp.
March—Our Defenders.
Overture—North Western Carnival.
March—The Royal Kingdom.
Waltz—Flowers and Smiles.
Intermission
March—Electorate.
Baritone Solo—My Execution—Mr. R. Norris.
Waltz—A Dream of Spring.
March—Albanian.
Serenade—Midnight—Moonbeams.
Evening Hymn—"Abide With Me."
GOD SAVE THE KING.

Boys' Softball.

There has been great enthusiasm at the Public School gounds every Saturday morning where the softball games are being played again this year. Results of the games for the past two weeks are:
Saturday, May 27.—
Junior—Blakely 23; Thompson 18.
Intermediate—Beaubien 16; Jackson 10; Russell 16; Gilbert 12.
Senior—Goslin 21, Coons 3; Leary 9, Norris 1.
Saturday, June 3rd.—
Junior—Thompson 14, Blakely 13.
Intermediate—Jackson 17, Gilbert 16; Russell-Beaubien, rain, no game.
Senior—Goslin 17, Leary 3; Coons-Norris, rain, no game.

SOFTBALL LEAGUE STANDING

	Played	Won	Lost
Newburgh	4	4	0
Frontenacs	3	2	1
Selrites	3	2	1
Grace Church	3	1	2
Strathcona	3	1	2
Richmond	3	0	3
Gretna	1	0	1

Frontenac and Gretna have a game to be played over again as their schedule game on May 26, was called on account of darkness.

SOFTBALL SCORES

The best game of softball played here this season was played on Monday evening when Frontenac won from Selrites by the close score of 13-11. Newburgh won from Richmond on Monday afternoon 14-11. Newburgh now leads the league, with four wins and no losses.

GAMES THIS WEEK

Friday, June 9th.—Gretna at Newburgh; Strathcona at Selrites; Frontenacs at Richmond.
Monday, June 12th.—Grace Church at Selrites; Gretna at Richmond; Frontenacs at Strathcona.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

REV. HARRY PAWSON, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Morning Worship.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.
7 o'clock—Evening service.

Local Jottings

Saturday being the King's birthday, the various banks in town were closed, as well as the government buildings.

The Pike Salvage Co's barge Wareenko, was in the harbour on Monday, with a load of soft coal for W. S. Wilson's dock.

Among the names of practicing lawyers who served in the military forces during the Great War, and who have been named K.C. on that account, are Roland O. Daly, Toronto, and John Miller Simpson, Napanee.

Ross Grooms, who had his finger broken in the initial baseball game of the season, which was played between Gibbards "B" team and Tamworth, in the latter town on May 24th, will be unable to get into the game for some time. The injured member is doing as well as can be expected, but the break was a bad one.

Fractured Her Arm

Mrs. George Wartman, of Newburgh mother of Ward Wartman, of the firm of VanLuven and Wartman, had the misfortune to fall on Thursday evening, sustaining a fractured arm. The fracture was reduced and Mrs. Wartman is doing as well as can be expected. Her many friends in Napanee, where she is well known, will regret learn of the accident.

Meeting of I.O.D.E.

The June meeting of the United Empire Loyalist Chapter I.O.D.E., was held on Monday afternoon, the 5th inst., in the Officers' Mess at the Armouries by permission Lt.-Col. H. L. Babcock, with the Regent, Mrs. D. R. Hall in the chair. As Miss Gordon, Kingston, had acted as the Society's representative at the National Annual meeting in Edmonton, it was decided to invite her to attend an autumn meeting so that the members might hear a report of the proceedings. Plans were made for a picnic to be held early in July if possible. It was hoped that a course of Empire Study as outlined in recent copies of 'Echoes' might be adopted for use at the monthly meetings with the Educational Secretary in charge. Several names were proposed for membership and the meeting closed with the National Anthem. Tea was served, with the Regent acting as hostess.

ODESSA

The members of the Ernesttown Council met at the home of the reeve, Frank Smith, on Wednesday night, to consider the tenders for the proposed town hall. It is learned that several tenders were received, and the reeve, accompanied by the members of the council were in Kingston on Thursday in connection with the tenders. It is expected that the name of the successful tender will be announced in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith received the sad news announcing the death of their cousin, Thomas McKay, which took place in Detroit. The deceased resided at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and was enroute east to visit his relatives, when he was taken ill and passed away at the home of his brother. The late Mr. McKay was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John McKay and was born in Odessa about thirty-five years ago. His parents will be remembered by many of the older residents.

The many friends of John Lawlor are pleased to see him home from the Kingston General Hospital, where he has been undergoing treatment for the past three weeks. His health is considerably improved.

John Edward Storms' many friends are sorry to learn that he is ill with pneumonia at the Hotel Dieu, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith spent Wednesday last the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Knapp ,Bloomfield.

Mrs. E. P .Shephard of Bath, was the guest of Mrs. W. E. Topliff on Monday last.

Eldrich Babcock, past master of Prince Arthur Lodge, A.F. & A.M., was in Kingston on Wednesday night and attended the annual meeting of Frontenac District, No. 14, which took place in the Masonic Temple.

Mrs. John Mancur has returned home after spending the past month with her sister, Mrs. W. R. Lee, of Toronto.

Rev. Dr. Fletcher was in Bowmanville last week attending the sessions of the Bay of Quinte Conference.

Mrs. W. C. Jenkins has returned home after spending two weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. G. Etinger, and Mr. Etinger, Kingston.

Mrs. Jenkins was among the many who attended the cooking school which was sponsored by The Whig-Standard.

Mrs. R. N. Baker and daughter, Miss Pearl Baker, of Syracuse, have been spending a few days the guests of Mrs. Baker's brother, H. J. Smith, and Mrs .Smith.

Mrs. Fred Wales, of Toronto, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. John Mancur.

Mrs. (Dr.) Nixon and son Lorne, of Ottawa, spent a few days the guests of Mrs. Nixon's aunt, Mrs. Marcus Fraser and Mr. Fraser.

HOUSE TO HOUSE CANVASSING RESTRICTED

New regulations have recently been introduced under the Ontario Securities Act. One of the most important regulations has to do with the restrictions placed on house to house canvassing by security salesmen, except when selling government or municipal bonds.

The Investment Bankers Association of Canada (Central District), after carefully considering these regulations, have heartily approved of their adoption and believe that if rightly enforced they will go a long way toward protecting the investing public. The Association believe the time has come when a definite stand should be taken and a strong influence exerted in the movement against fradulent securities and the manner in which they are foisted on the public.

The way in which the inexperienced investing public have been induced during the past ten years to part with high grade bonds in exchange for securities of questionable value, should bring to the mind of every right thinking citizen the realization that the regulations enacted by the Ontario Securities Commission are essential. Had this legislation been passed a number of years ago it would probably have saved the public many millions of dollars. The Act is in the interests of the Province as a whole, and if given a fair trial and properly enforced it should go a long way toward stamping out the "fly-by-night" and "high-presaure" salesmen. The activities of such salesmen must be curbed regardless of whether they are working for their own account or for others, but every one who is responsible for its enforcement is entitled to the support not only of the investing public, but of all security dealers in Ontario.

Several from town motored to Newburgh on Monday afternoon and attended the Field Day Sports, which were held under the auspices of the High School.

The total acreage of land prepared in the three Prairie Provinces during 1932 for either crop or fallow in 1933 is estimated at 18,351,100 acres, the lowest figure since 1929, and compared with the acres prepared during 1931 for 1932, a decrease of 1,317,100 acres.

Wonderland!

Napanee's Favorite Place of Amusement

OUR SCREEN SPEAKS

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

RALPH MORGAN, VICTOR JORY and SALLY BLANE present their latest picture,

"TRICK FOR TRICK"

A Fox Picture.

Also a good Comedy and News Reel.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

PAUL LUKAS, LORETTA YOUNG head the cast in the Comedy Love Drama,

"GRAND SLAM"

Also a 2-reel Comedy and News Reel.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

A Five-Star Special, with GEORGE BRENT, ZETA JOHANN, VIVIENNE OSBORNE, ALICE WHITE and VERREL TISDALE, in

"LUXURY LINER"

Also a good Comedy, Cartoon, and other reels.

TUESDAY NIGHT is "DINNERWARE NIGHT."

COMMUNICATIONS REFLECT UPWARD BUSINESS TREND

Montreal, June 3rd.—The speed with which various communication agencies react to changes in the economic world is demonstrated in the recent installation of five new tickers and employment of additional telegraph operators in Montreal by the Canadian National Telegraphs following the renunciation of the gold standard by the United States and the improvement in Canada-United States exchange rates. The telegraph line between Montreal and New York has been especially affected and more telegraph messages have passed over the wires of the System recently than for any like period since last August, officials of the Telegraph Company stated.

THE CUSTOMERS' INTERESTS

MOST advertising is prepared and directed to attract new business, and new business is always welcomed by a progressive institution.

The first consideration of The Canadian Bank of Commerce is to give its customers continuous, interested and effective service, which the Bank will endeavor to maintain and improve.

Indeed the service which the Bank renders its present customers is the strongest influence in attracting new business.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
with which is amalgamated
THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

Capital Paid Up - - - - - $30,000,000
Reserve Fund - - - - - $30,000,000

H. B. WILLIAMS, Manager.

CENT-A-MILE EXCURSIONS
—TO—
WESTERN CANADA and the PACIFIC COAST
FROM ALL POINTS IN THE EAST
Going Dates MAY 31st to JUNE 15th, INCLUSIVE
RETURN LIMIT 30 DAYS
Children five years of age and under twelve, half of the adult fare. Children under five years of age, free.
BAGGAGE CHECKED
Berths in TOURIST SLEEPING CARS obtainable on payment of small privilege charge, plus berth fare and tax.
STOP-OVERS PERMITTED—GENEROUS OPTIONAL ROUTINGS.
See nearest agent for SPECIFIC FARES—BERTH RESERVATIONS—TICKETS
CANADIAN NATIONAL
T-48

The Farm That Wouldn't Sell

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

"THEN it is understood, Miss Andrews, that you will keep an eye on the place and show it to prospective buyers. I might add that in addition to your fee as caretaker, Mr. Gerrish will allow you a nominal commission if the farm is disposed of through your efforts." Lawyer John Pangburn buttoned his fur coat snugly about him and turned away.

A touch on his arm arrested him. "It's rather a pity, isn't it," Margaret Andrews questioned him, "for the last of the Gerrishes to let the property go out of the family?"

"Yes, young lady," admitted Pangburn, "it is, undoubtedly. But, lord, these young chaps nowadays—what's a few acres and a bunch of cows compared to the subway rush and the bright white lights?

Left alone, Margaret watched her recent visitor's car grow smaller and smaller along the ribbon of road that threaded the Woodbridge hills. But her thoughts were elsewhere—with old Henry Gerrish, who a few days before had gone to join his fathers on the hill with young Henry Gerrish, whom she had never seen until the day of the funeral, and then only at a distance.

For Henry had gone out to an uncle ranching it in the West some months before Margaret's arrival in Woodbridge and had not come home until summoned by the death of his father. There had followed the usual activities in the neighborhood as to Henry's intentions regarding the farm. Would he follow his father's and grandfather's footsteps [illegible] boy [illegible] or would he [illegible] father's will, had instructed Pangburn to put the old homestead on the market.

As time passed, however, and the place remained unsold, Margaret came to feel for it a continually increasing fondness. Watching the spring sowing of fields rented to a neighbor, tending the small flower gardens about the doorways, opening the windows to flood with sterilizing brightness the unused house, dusting the quiet rooms—all these activities developed in her almost a sense of part ownership with Henry Gerrish. And more and more she waxed indignant with him for wishing to dispose of his inheritance.

Would the purchasers happen along now and again, but for one reason or another departed unimpressed. One year passed—two years—three.

Then one sunny afternoon late John Pangburn's dingy office stalked a youth with worried lines about his eyes. "Look here, Mr. Pangburn," he began without preamble, "I'm hard up. Things haven't panned out as I hoped. What I get from the farm hardly pays the taxes. The house won't rent. Why the deuce doesn't the place sell?"

Pangburn shook his head. "Henry, I don't know. It's the dickens of a ways for me to travel down with every Tom, Dick and Harry, but I've wondered sometimes—do you suppose that Miss Andrews queers the deal? She'll lose her little income if she sells the farm."

Henry nodded. "Guess you've hit it. And she stands to get the commission in the end. Listen, now—I've an idea. The girl doesn't know me. Send me down to look it over as a buyer and I'll size up the situation."

"Good scheme," said Pangburn, "a confounded good scheme."

One afternoon the last of the Gerrishes (pro tem.) followed in amazement Margaret's slim figure and marveled at the words which fell from her lips. How unfair had Pangburn been!

"Can't you see it?" she was demanding. "Those forty acres in corn, the west twenty in alfalfa, that swamp drained for celery, the timber lot cleared and yielding a little ready cash, good utility stock in the chicken runs, a few grade cows to start with—"

"This line of talk," mused Henry to himself, bewildered, "should have nailed every customer." Aloud, "I wonder why the present owner doesn't keep it?" he said. "Why does he sell?"

"Because," said Margaret promptly, "he's an idiot!"

On his return to town Henry cast a bombshell at Pangburn's feet. "Heavens, man," he cried. "She's made the place so darned attractive I'm going to farm it myself!"

One year from the day she met him Margaret Andrews married Henry Gerrish and came back from the little Woodbridge church to the old house she had loved.

"Funny," ruminated Henry, "old Pangburn thought maybe the place didn't sell because you ran it down, or something of the sort."

Margaret was silent a moment. Then, "Maybe," she confessed slowly, "he was right. You see, I hated to see old Henry Gerrish's son squander the work of years and generations. Not that I actually said anything—only, well I could have been more enthusiastic!"

"But why," demanded Henry, puzzled, "did you praise it to me? You didn't know it was I—"

"Didn't I?" laughed his bride of an hour. "Do you suppose, Henry Gerrish, I could dust the photograph of a man every few days for three years and not recognize him when I saw him?"

Huge Maori Maiden

Too many inches may even lead to absolute disaster, as witness in the case of Yella Mataroa, a Maori giantess who was over eight feet in height, weighed more than 420 pounds, and was extremely handsome. She lived in an isolated spot in New Zealand, and at the age of twenty-nine had an attack of appendicitis. They tried to get her to a hospital, but the roads were too bad for a car and her weight was so great that it smashed the buggy brought for her. Finally they managed to lift her on to a horse lorry, but she died before she could reach the hospital.

She Was Caught Napping

By CORONA REMINGTON

"I'VE had a wonderful time, Mrs. Denton, and I hope I may call again soon," said Robert Foulaine sincerely.

"You're a dear boy," smiled his hostess, "and I'm very fond of you. Of course you may come again and as often as you wish."

"It's great to have you to confide in, and I don't know how I'd ever get along without you."

"You'll learn how, pretty soon, after you find the right girl. You'll forget all about that middle-aged friend you used to run to with your troubles," laughed Mrs. Denton.

"But I never expect to find the right girl and you know I shall never forget you."

"Pooh! I've heard that a thousand times before and from many discouraged young people; but don't you worry, she's probably waiting for you right around the corner this minute."

"Well, we'll soon see—as it's now—" (he drew out his watch) "ten minutes of eleven there isn't much time left."

"All right," she smiled, "and good-night once more."

Foulaine went down the broad steps rapidly and jumped into his car. In a moment he was whizzing along the boulevard toward home. His talk with Mrs. Denton encouraged him as it always did, and he felt decidedly optimistic as he slipped into his garage and turned the engine off.

"Oh, there am I?"

He looked quickly about the garage as he heard the frightened voice of a girl.

"You're all right," he assured her, "but—who are you? Wait till I get my finish—thought it was in my big pocket —no, here it is.

"What! Not in the car?" Foulaine exclaimed as he saw a terrified young face looking out at him from the back seat of the car he had just left.

"How on earth did you get in there?" he asked, his eyes growing big with admiration.

"I—I must have fallen asleep."

"Something tells me you did," he laughed, "but how did you get in the car in the first place? By mistake, I suppose."

"No, it wasn't a mistake, either; but I'm ashamed to tell you. It'll seem so crazy to you."

"Nothing you could ever do would seem crazy to me," he told her as if he had known her a lifetime.

The girl smiled gratefully at him and went on with her story.

"Just after dinner this evening I was up in my room and I saw a—an acquaintance of ours coming up the walk. I knew he had come to call on me, and I knew, too, that mamma would make me see him and I didn't want to. I made up my mind last time that I—I'd never never, never, see him again. So, without even stopping to get a hat or a wrap, I slipped down the back stairs and out the kitchen door. I had no idea where I was going, but realized that without money I couldn't get very far, so I spied your car standing next door and jumped into it. It seemed providential to me, and I felt so thrilly as I sneaked in and shut the door," the girl laughed.

"A very sensible thing to do," he assured her.

"What time is it?" she asked abruptly.

"Twenty minutes of twelve. You must let me take you home. It's five miles from here to Grant Place."

As they drove slowly along the boulevard Robert talked to her as if he had known her always.

"I'm scared to tell you how much meeting you has meant to me," he said solemnly.

"And to me, too," she answered simply. "You—you're so sympathetic and you understand."

"And I'm going to bring the car here every night in the hope that fellow'll come and you'll run out and hide in it again.

"All right," she smiled, "and thank you ever so much—you've been too good to me."

"Not half as good as you've been to me."

He escorted her to her door, then stood there absently a few seconds after she had slipped noiselessly into the hall.

He looked up at Mrs. Denton's house, large and somber in the half light of the night, then tiptoed around the sidewalk and threw a pebble against her window. The girl at the door heard the funny "pinking" sound and went to her window to see what it could be. She recognized the man standing below and waited breathlessly. He threw another pebble.

"What on earth is he doing that for?" she wondered.

A second later he threw one which was followed by the light flashing in Mrs. Denton's room, and in another moment a plump silhouette advanced toward the window.

"Who is it?" she asked, peering down into the darkness.

"It's Robert," said an exultant voice, "and I've found her! I've found the girl for me!"

"You crazy boy, I told you you would. Now go to bed and tell me about it in the morning."

With a joyful little squeak the girl next door buried her head in her pillow.

"So he feels that way, too," she kept saying unbelievingly, as she finally dozed off to sleep.

To Stain Gun Barrel

A solution for staining a gunbarrel blue can be made by dissolving 4½ ounces of hyposulphite of soda in a quart of water; also 1¼ ounces of acetate of lead in a quart of water. Mix the two together and bring to a boil in a porcelain dish or stone pot. Clean the barrel free from grease, oil or varnish, warm the barrel, and smear with the hot solution, using a piece of sponge tied to a stick. When the color develops, wash and wipe dry; finish with boiled linseed oil.

PRESENTATIONS MADE AT DESERONTO HOME

On Wednesday evening a goodly number of the friends of Mrs. E. Williams and her son Jack, gathered at their home to say good-bye on the eve of their departure for their home in Krugerdorf, New Ontario. Mrs. Williams and her son came to Deseronto several years ago, and during these years won the esteem of a wide circle of friends. The former was a member of St. Mark's Anglican church, while her son was a member of the Sunday school class of the United Church, of which Mayor W. R. Thomas is the teacher.

Since Mrs. Williams had announced her leaving for her former home in New Ontario, she has been the recipient of numerous lovely individual gifts from her friends, all of whom regretted very much her leaving Deseronto. Shortly after the friends had arrived at the home, Mrs. Williams was asked to stand, when an address conveying the regrets of her friends on the severance of the happy ties, was read by Mrs. Bert Rombough. The address was accompanied by an exquisite gift in the form of a silver tea set. The presentation being made by Mrs. Post. Mrs. Williams, although taken completely by surprise, thanked her friends for the lovely gift, and would always look back to the several happy years which she had spent in Deseronto. Her son Jack was presented with a shaving set by the members of his Sunday School class, the presentation being made by Roy Asselstine. Howard Ostrander, son of Manly Ostrander, superintendent of the Sunday school, then presented Jack with a personal gift. After a short time spent in social intercourse, good-byes were said, and the pleasant event will linger long in the minds of those who were present.

A local resident was fined $2.00 and costs by Police Magistrate G. F. Palmer on a breach of the Highway Act. The week has been a very quiet one in police court circles.

Under the auspices of the group in the Ladies' Aid Society of the United Church, of which Mrs. Barnhardt is the convener, a rummage sale was held at the vacant store on St. George Street, and the receipts were very gratifying.

There was another splendid attendance at the weekly dance which took place at Dawson's Pavilion on Thursday night. The night was ideal for outdoor dancing and an excellent program was furnished by the Circle Six orchestra.

On Wednesday night the Pork Packers defeated the Firemen in a slugging contest at the high school grounds, the winners more than doubling the score on the fire fighters. Green was on the mound for the winners and Hennessey did the hurling for the firemen. The game was a slugfest on the part of the Pork Packers, and the highlight came when Lindsay spored a home run with two on bases. The firemen recently purchased new uniforms consisting of maroon caps and sweaters, and wore them for the first time.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Church of the Redeemer met on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. J. McMicking, with a splendid attendance. The meeting opened with a scripture reading which was followed by prayer by the president, Mrs. T. L. McCullough. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were then read and on motion approved. Routine business was then dealt with and at the close refreshments were served.

Mrs. Henry Howard is spending a few days in Oshawa the guest of her son, Leo Howard, and Mrs. Howard.

Mrs. Robert Miller left for Toronto to spend the week-end with her daughter, Miss Muriel Miller, Reg.N.

Mrs. T. C. Mahoney has returned home after spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Emmett O'Neil, and Mr. O'Neil.

Reeve-elect Metcalfe returned to Toronto to spend the week-end with Mrs. Metcalfe and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Vandusen visited relatives and friends in Picton last week.

Mrs. Williams and son Jack left for their home in Krugerdorf, New Ontario, on Thursday.

Mrs. Howard Vandusen and Miss Jennie Dryden motored to Perth on Saturday and were accompanied home by Stanley Vandusen, of the Bank of Montreal staff, who spent the week-end with his parents.

Many Lacquer Shades Are Available, but Not Named

To the man in the street, it has seemed that the number of individual automobile colors must be something close to infinite. It is not quite that bad, or good—whichever way one prefers to regard it—but figures show that 11,500 distinct shades of lacquer have been developed, obviously far more than any genius could provide names for.

Just as a sample of the naming difficulty, take the color which the average mortal calls "gray." There are, the expert points out, 423 different values under this heading in the total list of 11,500. That, too, despite the fact that gray is not the most variable individual color.

It has been calculated that there is a considerable amount of waste in such prolixity in color creation. Even in the days when distinctiveness was a thing for which motor car buyers clamored, the maximum number of shades in a single month was never more than 200.—Washington Post.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S CORNER

BY LUCINDA

"Here comes the bride; Here comes the bride" peals forth the organ in Wagner's Bridal Chorus, from "Lohengrin" and throughout Canada, many a girlish figure, robed in snowy satin or lace, veiled in silk net, bound to a small head and fastened with orange blossoms, will, leaning on the arm of father or brother walk slowly up the aisle, carrying a shower bouquet of roses and lily-of-the-valley, or a sheaf of madonna lillies to meet at the chancel steps the man she will promise to honor, whom she will pledge herself to love and to cherish, for richer or poorer, in sickness or in health till death doth them part. The man will make the same vows before God's altar and in addition will make another promise to honor his wife and endow her with all his worldly goods. "Just a ceremony," we have heard people say. No, it is a solemn sacrament wherein vows are made that are binding in the presence of a man ordained of God and in the sight of a company of relatives and friends. This is the way people of all Christian churches regard a marriage today, in spite of the sneers at the possibility of love and constancy lasting, that guests, who wish to appear "modern" are sure to make. Never mind them, boys and girls. You have begun right. Carry on in sickness and in health and in riches or poverty. Life is before you—make the best of it, with the hearty good wishes of "Lucinda."

* * * *

There are, in spite of the religious service, some old customs that, while not as vigorously carried out as they were in our ancestors carried off their brides in the face of much opposition. The "best man," who has nothing to do now-a-days except to produce the ring at the right moment and to respond to the health of the bridesmaids, is the solitary remnant of the band of young men who helped the bridegroom to carry off the bride, the ring represents the fetters with which the more or less reluctant bride was chained lest she run away. The honeymoon has its origin in the fact that often the bridegroom had to hide his captive for days or weeks from her irate father and brothers. Our tiered wedding cakes come down to us from Roman days when a marriage consisted in the contracting parties eating a cake made of flour, water and salt in the presence of twelve witnesses. The bride of today cuts the cake, but we very much doubt if either she or her young husband touch a crumb of it. Queen Elizabeth saw that small spiced cakes were thrown to the newly wedded pair, and in some parts of Scotland they still break an oat-cake over the bride's head. The old customs remain in a new form. Shoes were first thrown at the bridegroom fleeing with his stolen bride, they were the missile at hand. Wheat and rice have given way to confetti and as we throw it we may think that in half a century perhaps, the girls and boys of that day will consider our ways very old fashioned indeed.

* * * *

Our big orange and white persian cat has a great fondness for young robins as playthings. Much as we love him we entirely disapprove of his idea of pleasure. His mistress, who for some years has been guardian of the apples that grow in our garden, found that a good stream from the hose was very effective with small boys, so she decided to try it on the cat when he was caught in the act. She got him in time to save the robin, but surprise and disgust and a soaking wet coat will, we hope, teach him to leave the baby robins alone.

* * * *

The boys and girls who have written to "Lucinda" and also a few other friends of birds, will no doubt be interested to hear of an expedition which, because of her love for birds and plants, she was asked to join with members of groups interested in natural history, who came from Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brampton and Guelph. We were taken in cars to one of the locks on the Rideau Canal. There we got out and walked and climbed over granite boulders, until we found ourselves in the virgin forest. The leader of the party, in whose car we were asked to go, was the dean of the department of botany and natural history at Queen's University, and the man who had come many miles to enjoy this outing on June 3rd, were most anxious to hear his verdict upon all we saw and heard. Down, down into a valley we went, a glimpse of cool water the hideous Lakes to be seen through the trees. And such trees! Thirty and forty feet to the first limb and a straight trunk large with age, bearing the branches up until they could see the sun. Maples, birch, hemlock and basswood testified by their height to their age. One birch tree had been cut down recently by the owner of the land, the first for some years, we thought, for there were few stumps. The wise ones of the party declared by the rings in the wood, that it had been there before the United Empire Loyalists came to Canada. Maiden hair, Christmas ferns, moonwort, wild Canadian ginger, blue goshash and other plants that hide in sheltered places were found here and several beautiful plants in bloom of the showy orchid, with purple-pink blossoms were found but, of course, left untouched, to reproduce more of their kind. The bird men, heard the "Teacher" bird, or "Oven bird." It is a species of thrush that builds its nest on the ground making a ball with a hole for an entrance that gives it the name of "oven" and its call, often repeated sounds like "teacher, teacher." Warblers, the beautiful American redstart with rose on its black wings, the black and white warbler and others were seen, but when the various parties returned to have dinner, together, one had rare pileated woodpecker, the great crested bird so seldom seen. "Well, we had a great day," said one of the Western men at the dinner," but I would have driven two hundred miles down and back home again just to see that woodpecker. Yes, and I daresay that boys and girls fortunate enough to live in the country often see rare birds and know so little of the subject in which these men, business men and teachers, were so interested that they came by car and train to gather together after an outing, to compare notes, that they do not realize that they have seen something really worth while.

* * * *

As the weather gets warm we think of cool things to eat. Chicken and ham mould is easily made if you have frigidaire or refrigerator. For 2 cups of diced chicken and ham use 1 tablespoon of gelatin dissolved in 4 tablespoons of cold water, then melted over hot water. Add 1 cup of mayonnoise dressing, seasoning and garnish to suit your taste. Mould and set in ice.

SOUP THAT'S BAKED

Montreal, June 5.—Hotel steamer and railway chefs of the Canadian National System say this is the way to make baked soup: Take three pints of cold water, a half pound of lean beef or mutton, one cup of split peas, one tablespoon of rice, one small carrot (sliced), and one small onion (sliced). Wash the rice and peas and put them in the pot with the other ingredients (meat being cut into small pieces). Add salt and pepper and cover the pot closely. Cook in slow oven for four hours. If water boils away, add more.

GUILTY OF PURJURY SENTENCE THURSDAY

Walter Hagerman, who was found guilty of perjury by Judge G. E. Dercoche, of Belleville, on Tuesday afternoon, and sentence was reserved until 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

This trial was the result of evidence which was given at an inquest which was held by Dr. Hall, and a coronor's jury some time ago to inquire into the causes surrounding the death of Wm. Baker, and shortly after the hearing at the inquest Hagerman was taken into custody on a charge of perjury.

K. S. Ham, Crown Attorney, conducted the case for the crown, and the accused was ably defended by W. F. Nickle, K.C., of Kingston.

The evidence for the crown was given by Mr. and Mrs. William Hill, their daughter, Marguerite, and their neice Mildred Austin.

There were several witnesses for the defence, and the time occupied was of considerable length.

Jesus said unto them, come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, who art Thou? Knowing that it was the Lord. Jesus then cometh and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise. This is now the third time that Jesus shewed himself to his disciples After that he was risen from the dead. So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, loveth thou me more than these. He saith unto Him, yea Lord; thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, feed my lambs. John 11, 12-15.

'Tis when the lights of earth are gone, The heavenly glories shine;
When other comfort I have none, Thy comfort, Lord, is mine.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Queen Not Favorably Impressed by Carlyle

"The human hand is not wanting in the letters and journals of Queen Victoria, who was a woman of much independence of spirit and clarity of thought, writes Dora Sitt, in The Forum. (R. and O.) Soloist. "Thus, in 1869, we learn that she went to the deanery of Westminster to meet certain writers of renown, among them Mr. Carlyle, the historian, a strange-looking, eccentric old Scotsman, who holds forth in a drawling, melancholy voice with a broad Scotch accent, upon Scotland and upon the utter degeneracy of everything. Sir C. and Lady Lyell, he an old acquaintance, most agreeable, and she very pleasing, and Mr. Browning, the poet, a very agreeable man. It was at first very shy work speaking to them, but afterwards when tea was being drunk . . . they were very agreeable and talked very entertainingly."

Settles Down at 150

The first 150 years are the wildest for an elephant, according to Siam, once the most unpopular beast in captivity, observes a writer in the Montreal Herald. And Paris, where life is reputed to be wild, wants Siam back because he is wild no more. One hundred years ago Napoleon took him from Egypt to Paris. Siam was so temperamental that Napoleon gave the beast to Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. In Schoenbrunn, Siam made himself a nuisance, and Franz Joseph finally gave him to the City of Budapest, where he still remains. Siam became tame and now even earns a good living. He begs money from spectators at the zoo and hands the coins over to the keeper.

PERSONALS

Mrs. J. G. Daly is entertaining at the tea hour on Tuesday for Miss Grace Boyes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Simmons, of Wilton, were callers in Napanee on Monday.

Mrs. McCain, of Toronto, has been renewing acquaintances in Napanee and Croydon.

Mr. Frank Richardson and friend, of Toronto, spent the holiday and week-end in town the guests of his grandmother, Mrs. Jane Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Moore son Billy and daughter Helen spent the week-end at Beaver Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Black, son Jack, Miss Eleanor McLean of Wingham, and Mr. E. R. McCabe motored to Oak Lake on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Reg. Batten and baby, Toronto, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davy, Vancouver, B.C., are spending the summer with his sisters, Miss Louise Davy and Mrs. Canfield Shorey.

Mrs. Fred Arnott, who has been spending the past eight months the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. A. Thompson, returned to Toronto on Sunday.

Mrs. Ernest VanAlstyne and little son Donald, of Brockville, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Husband, Empey Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Runions left on Saturday for their new home at Peterborough.

Mr. Beverley Thompson, Peterboro', is spending a week's holidays with his mother, Mrs. Geo. A. Thompson.

Rev. W. P. Wooger returned home from Bowmanville on Sunday where he attended the sessions of the Bay of Quinte Conference. He remained for the ordination service, and on Sunday evening conducted the service in his own church and gave a brief synopsis of the proceedings of the conference.

Gordon R. Gibson, of the Bank of Montreal staff, Kingston was home for the King's birthday, later leaving for Oshawa where he spent the week-end with friends.

Mr. Alpine Woods, who attended the Bay of Quinte Conference at Bowmanville as a lay delegate from Trinity United Church, returned home on Thursday and reports the conference as having the largest attendance in some years.

Messrs. Earl Babcock of Oakville and Harry Babcock of Toronto, visited recently with their parents, and also visited their sister, Almeda, at the General Hospital. The latter, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, arrived home on Wednesday, and is getting along splendidly.

Messrs. T. B. Wallace and George J. Tustin attended the sessions of the Synod, which were held in Kingston this week, as delegates from St. Mary Magdalene Church.

Several from town motored to Kingston on Friday night and witnessed the C.O.B.L. game between Kingston and Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Vandervoort were at Cold Springs, Northumberland County, over the week-end, guests of Mrs. Johnston, sister of Mrs. Vandervoort.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Thompson, of Langstaff, were the recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hendricks while enroute to Ottawa.

Mrs. W. A. Grange and Miss Helen Grange entertained seven tables at a Luncheon and Bridge on Monday in honor of Miss Grace Boyes. Mrs. Will Dibb won the first prize, and Mrs. Reg. Douglas won the second prize. Miss Boyes received a very beautiful guest prize. The house was beautifully decorated. Mrs. Grange received in a pale blue crepe, while Miss Helen looked very sweet in white crepe with green trimmings.

Mrs. W. E. Schuster, of Belleville, arrived in town on Monday, owing to the death of her father, the late Judge J. H. Madden. The boat Acadia, on which is Maurice Madden, was expected to dock at Sydney, Cape Britain, on Monday evening.

Rev. A. J. Wilson and Rev. Harry Fawson have returned from Bowmanville, where they attended the sessions of the Bay of Quinte Conference, they assuming their preaching duties at St. Andrew's and Trinity United Churches respectively on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Landis Sutton and Mr. and Mrs. Anson McKeown, Newburgh Road, attended the graduation exercises in Convocation Hall, Kingston, on Monday evening, when Miss Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, was among the graduating nurses.

Miss Grace Boyes, whose marriage to Mr. Beverly Puddy takes place on June 10th, has been entertained at a number of charming events. Among her hostesses have been: Mrs. Frank VanLuven and Miss Helen VanLuven, a tea; Mrs. B. F. Davy, a tea and shower; Mrs. G. H. Challies and Miss Marjorie Gibbard, a tea; Miss Hilda Daly, a dinner; Mrs. Will Grange and Miss Helen Grange, a luncheon and bridge; Mrs. J. G. Daly, a tea and shower.

The many friends of Mrs. David Aylsworth will be pleased to learn that she is improving, she having been ill for the past few weeks.

Rev. J. E. Beckel, of the Bay Circuit with Mrs. Beckel have returned home after attending the Bay of Quinte Conference at Bowmanville.

HEALTH by Dr. Thomas

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

HOLIDAYS

All workers might be divided into two groups. One group would be made up of those who enjoy their work and secure real satisfaction out of what they have to do. The other group would comprise those who dislike their work because they find it irritating and tiresome. For this latter group, holidays are a release, a period of idleness and freedom, and for them, a vacation is much more urgently needed.

Life is not all work, however, and most city dwellers are slaves to routine, even when they are away from work. They rise at the sound of an alarm clock, they leave for work at the same hour, they do almost everything, as it were, by clock-work. To these people, a holiday means release from the daily routine which holds them in its grip.

Since the need of a holiday arises out of the life we lead, the kind of holiday we should have depends upon the way we live. The term "busman's holiday" simply describes the idea of relaxation of an individual who takes so much pleasure in his work that he does not wish to leave it and do something else, which for him would be less satisfying.

Allow your holiday to break your routine of life. Sleep in as long as you wish; take breakfast in bed if only to find out that it is more comfortable to get up for breakfast. If you want to see the sun rise, stay up one night and watch it happen.

Our holidays should also provide a chance to do some of the things which we all want to do. Our real pleasures come from doing things ourselves, not from watching others do them. This means that one man will find pleasure in making a garden, another in building a fence, and so it goes on. But you will say, this is work. For those who want to do it, it is play, a change of occupation. The man whose daily routine calls for physical activity will likely spend much of his holiday in the hammock with a book.

The holiday which is spent in rushing around is of questionable value. We should not, however, expect others to fit their holiday ideas to ours. We do not all enjoy golf or sleeping on the ground, just as we all do not take pleasure in planting roses or collecting stamps.

Holidays should be planned so as to provide a break in the routine of life, freedom from the irritations of the daily round, and a chance to engage in some activity that appeals. Such a holiday will help to maintain physical and mental health, and will provide experience for a better plan of living throughout the whole year.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Santer and family spent the week-end at their summer camp near Gananoque.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Cowling and family, and Mrs. G. A. Wallace were Sunday vistors with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Wolfe, of Deseronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Briggs, Toronto, spent the week-end the guests of her mother, Mrs. Nelson VanAlstyne South Napanee.

Miss Mata Wales was taken to Kingston General Hospital on Monday, where she underwent an operation for bowel trouble. Miss Wales is apparently doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Laveck, of Dorland, announce the engagement of their daughter, Geneva Catharine, R.N., of Hampstead, Long Island, to Mr. James J. Naphin, B.A., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Naphin, of Deseronto. The wedding will take place in New York early in July.

BIRTHS

PRICE—At Selby, on Tuesday, May 30th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Price, a son, still born.

MARRIAGES

WEESE—BROWN—At the United Church Parsonage, Newburgh on Monday, June 5th, 1933, by Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, Jennie R. Brown to Mr. S. Donald Weese.

DEATHS

BARRETT—At Camden, on Monday, June 5th, 1933, Wm. Henry Barrett, aged 74 years, 6 months.

MADDEN—At Napanee, on Monday, June 5th, 1933, Judge Jas. H. Madden, aged 82 years, 3 months.

MacMillan—At Kingston, on Friday, June 2nd, 1933, William MacMillan, of Newburgh, aged 80 years.

Mongolia

Mongolia is a vast tableland in Central Asia, the traditional home of the Mongol peoples, and formerly was a definite dependency of the Chinese empire. Now it is divided into two distinct cultural and political entities—Inner Mongolia, which is becoming absorbed into China, and Outer Mongolia, a republic in close relations with the Russian Soviet federation.

AWAKENED WOMAN

By ELINOR BARRY

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Sixth Installment

SYNOPSIS

One bleak November day Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, was in a skidding taxicab in Chicago. Next thing she remembered was two years later when she woke one morning to find herself in a luxurious house in California, with a wedding ring on her hand, and a pleasant young man, addressing her as Frills, telling her to be careful after her fall from her horse of the day before. Her husband was Neil Packard, rich fruit packer. Confused and troubled, she tried to find out more about herself and from letters in her desk found that she had been a heartless, frivolous young woman, and had become involved in a serious affair with a man named Maitland. Later, when he came to see her, he was hurt and surprised when she tried to repulse him, but he finally left her.

Before the stranger reached her, she had time to see that he was a thin, unimpressive type with reddish face and tiny sandy mustache, neatly clipped. His features were small and his blue eyes twinkled. His plain gray business suit, which lacked all trace of style, was in need of pressing and his wide commonsense shoes were dusty and scratched.

"Well, Frills, how's the beautiful bean feeling today? Golly, you women are lucky, the way you can get thrown around and not get hurt! Now a man, who has to use his head, would have been just the fellow to get a crack that would put him out of business completely."

Joyce smiled up at him easily. This man was not in love with her, she knew instinctively. He was friendly enough, but impersonal.

"Oh, is that so?" she retorted. "Well, the Lord must have thought women's brains more important than men's, if He protected them so much better."

"Ha! Well, I haven't time for any arguments on the equality of the sexes now, just dropped in to see what you looked like so I can send Neil a wire that everything is O. K."

Of course! This was the doctor!

"Well, I'm all right," she replied, and then it occurred to her that she had better not be too well if she wished to stave off the hordes of friends who were trying to draw her back into their activities. "But it shook me up and I'm going to cut out some of the jazz for this week anyhow. . . . You might tell people it's by your orders."

"Ha! You don't expect anybody would believe that you were obeying any orders of mine, do you? When have you ever taken my advice, young lady?"

He stared at her with such a sudden keen searching look in his blue eyes that Joyce blushed deeper than ever.

"Advice comes natural to a doctor, Frills," he went on. "If you are going to take advice, I wish you'd take some I've given you long ago. Quit this excessive smoking! Look at the way you fidget."

"But I haven't smoked since day before yesterday," retorted Joyce triumphantly, "so it can't be that."

"It can't? Whew! No wonder you're nervous! Don't you know you can't cut it out all at once? Not a girl with your highly strung nervous system, who's been smoking at the terrific rate you have! Use a little commonsense. Here, take this. If you want to cut out smoking, do it gradually." He handed her a cigarette with a decisive gesture which made refusal impossible.

Joyce took it, her hand shaking. But before she had even raised it to her mouth, they were interrupted by the arrival of Roxie. "Dr. Ellison, the Gates Hospital wants to speak to you, sir."

The doctor jumped to his feet. "Thanks, Roxie, just tell them I'll be right there. Good-bye, Frills, I'll drop in again later," and he was off without a backward glance.

Joyce drew a breath of relief. "Another one killed off! That message was sheer luck. I couldn't light this cigarette with him looking on," she murmured.

She successfully lighted the cigarette and puffed at it daintily. After a few moments, however, her attention was suddenly distracted by the approach of a woman. In her renewed agitation, Joyce swallowed a mouthful of smoke, which to her surprise she found herself expelling through her nostrils and mouth without any sensation of strangeness. Automatically her breathing apparatus was performing a familiar operation!

Fortified to meet another visitor, she rose to her feet and smiled greeting at the newcomer.

"Well, my dear Frills, what a fortunate child you are!"

Her caller, who seated herself without waiting for an invitation, was a woman about forty years old with a delicate skin still fine in texture. She had large pale blue eyes, a straight little nose, and a thin-lipped mouth whose corners drooped with a petulant complaining expression. Her feet were shod in beautifully fitting white kid walking slippers. From the top of her head to her feet, Mrs. Paul Packard was immaculately well dressed and well groomed.

"If she affected Frills one-half as unpleasantly as she does me," thought Joyce, "she wouldn't be on speaking terms with me now, or else at least F—'s would have put the fear of God into her."

"You escaped a very serious injury," went on the visitor. "Have you had Dr. Ellison make a thorough examination?"

"No, I haven't," replied Joyce. Her welcoming smile faded out, and sitting down again, she puffed at her cigarette, waiting in defensive silence. If this was Laurine, deliver her from any more in-laws!

"Well, I should certainly think he would have done it. . . . I do wish you would consult him. I feel certain he would think a thorough internal examination the only safe thing to do after such an accident as yours. . . . A stitch in time saves nine."

Maitland has two separate apartments in the city, not just the one where the men have their stag parties.

Joyce wanted to add, "And an apple a day keeps the doctor away," but she kept quiet, wondering how much longer Laurine would stick to this particular subject.

Laurine changed the subject. "Delphine sent her love to you and hopes you're feeling quite recovered from the accident, and Paul said to tell you he'd probably run in sometime today. He's having lunch at the club with Otis Clark and a business friend from the city, and they're going to play golf all afternoon, with Art Belmain to make up a foursome."

It was nearly an hour later when Mrs. Paul Packard rose from the marble bench. She had touched on a multitude of subjects ranging from the newest cold cream and its wonderful effects, to the details of the recent confinement of a Mrs. Wellman.

The effect of this call on Joyce was a wearily annoyed feeling that she had offered more than the net results in the way of enlightening facts were worth.

"By the way, Delphine told me that she saw Arthur Maitland one night having dinner at the Palace with what she called a 'jazz baby' in a vermilion evening dress. And I heard from somebody else, though I won't repeat the name because if there's one thing I pride myself on, it's not spreading scandal or gossip — but it's a woman who spends a lot of her time in the city, and you know her almost as well as I do—that Maitland has two separate apartments in the city, not just the one where the men have their stag parties. I think you ought to know those things because you're so careless about appearances and it's a crying shame the way you run around with a man like Arthur Maitland."

In the midst of the resentful fury that seized Joyce at the nerve of the woman for mixing into her private affairs she could not help feeling admiration for Laurine's courage. She had thought of Frills as a dynamic being who would not for a moment have tolerated the rebuke or advice of such a complacent upholder of middle-aged conventionalities. She herself was speechless, wholly unprepared, and no match for Laurine's methods of attack. It occurred to her, however, that this information of the second apartment might be used later in her handling of Maitland, and she could not help being a little grateful to Laurine for furnishing her with any weapon.

Laurine, not waiting for the scarlet-faced Joyce to reply, went on calmly, "When you're a little older, my dear, and have had as much experience as I have of the world, you'll realize it's foolish to put any trust in a man who is so lacking in principle that he can deliberately compromise a married woman. Nine times out of ten, he won't be faithful to her, and when she's been made a fool of she'll find that she was only one of a number of other silly women. Arthur Maitland is no different from the rest. Well, I must run along now. And do come over soon, my dear. Paul and I are always glad to welcome you, and no matter what happens, you must feel you have a refuge in our simple home."

Joyce was left alone again, plunged into another whirl of emotions. "I'm getting so many new things to think about, so many angles all at once to size and sort out, that I'm getting dizzy. I'm getting so I can't think at all. Oh, I wish I could get away from it all, and have time to think!"

Her self-pity was interrupted by the arrival of Roxie with the mail. Joyce looked through it, and found a letter from Dr. Ellison, which she opened first.

"Dear Mrs. Packard:

"Mrs. Paul Packard has asked me to write you and tell you that I consider it unwise for you to undertake any social activities for a few days. I am sure you will understand that I am only thinking of your welfare.

"Sincerely yours,
"Dr. Ellison."

Joyce's first feeling was one of relief. She was not to be bothered with any more visitors. Then she began to wonder why Dr. Ellison had written her such a letter. Was it possible that Laurine had been to see him? Joyce's lips curled in scorn. Laurine was capable of anything!

Joyce picked up the letters again and re-read the ones from "Sophie" with a growing longing to see the baby. Fired by this feeling, she went into the house to hunt for Sophie's address. But there was no Sophie in the little pigskin book.

She had wandered out onto the sunny sleeping porch still pondering Laurine's conversation, when she heard the rattle of a machine which sounded like a Ford driving into the grounds. She ran downstairs, out across the terrace and around to the garage. Yes, there was Sam just getting down from the machine, and in his arms was a little black and white dog. "Here you are, Mrs. Packard, the Marchess were glad to get a home for Dickie," and he set the wriggling bunch down on the ground, and laughed as it strained at its leash.

"Oh, thank you, Sam, he's a darling!" exclaimed Joyce, stooping to pat the chunky little square head.

Dickie wriggled as Sam released him from the leash and responded amiably to her patting but after a moment he looked about excitedly, dashing away from her a few feet and barking sharply, then returning again. "What does he want, do you suppose, Sam?" asked Joyce, mystified by this behavior.

"He's looking for a stick," explained Sam. "That's what you want, isn't it, Dickie?"

Sam picked up a smooth round piece of wood, showed it to Dickie who jumped frantically for it, and then threw it as far as he could. Dickie dashed after it tumultuously. Then he came romping back to Sam, who commanded, "Go take it to Mrs. Packard, Dickie, that's your lady now. Go on, give it to Mrs. Packard."

Dickie, his wide pink-lipped mouth clamped tightly over his precious stick, rolled his expressive brown eyes up at Sam in a speculative sort of way. Then he turned and trotted over to Joyce.

"There, that's enough stick for a while. You're all out of breath. Come with me, darling, and get acquainted with your new home," said Joyce finally, "thank you, Sam, I'm ever so grateful to you for getting me such a perfectly sweet dog as Dickie."

There was a look of puzzled surprise in Sam's face as he answered, "Oh, that's all right. I'm sure glad you like him, Mrs. Packard."

When Joyce sat down in a comfortable lounge chair on the terrace, Dickie came to her side and, resting his blunt muzzle with his queer, soft drooping lips on the edge of it, looked up at her pleadingly. She was delighted that he accepted her so promptly, and her spirits rose when she thought of having his companionship. She felt less alone in an incredible world. With Dickie she need never pretend to be Frills Packard.

When Roxie came to find her and announce that her luncheon was ready, Joyce was amused to see the distrust with which she eyed the sleeping Dickie. She did not look surprised, and Joyce knew she had probably, with Marcia, been watching the game of stick out in the garden.

Just as Joyce left the dining-room she heard the whir of a motor outside the door, and before she could decide whether to retreat through the kitchen or make a dash for the stairs, the young women entered the house and greeted her loudly.

"Hello, Frills, how are you?" "Say you don't look so bad!"

Continued Next Week

The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

He swung himself out, thrusting against the rock, and when the ogres of the water pit dragged at their victims Carla was in his arms. His brain was keenly alive again, and he knew that teams of oxen could have pulled but futilely against the undercurrents which, one after another, were transporting them irresistibly and yet without great haste through watery space. Thought of physical salvation scarcely filtered in a ray of hope through his mind, and his senses were interfilled by the suffocating presence of death. In Carla were his strength and courage. He locked his arms about her closely. He could feel her clinging to him with the same desire to remain inseparable when the end came. Strange. A kingdom of Micomicon—a land of Almanchar—a place of fairies—a world of dreams— They were going to it all. Between the walls where no man had ever looked. Death! A magnificent adventure, with Carla in his arms! A roaring flood had risen. They were traveling swiftly now. His senses grew less distinct, like colors merging one into another in a sunset sky. Queer, why it should end like this, after years of life—and Carla—together—as it must have been intended from the beginning. A glorious graciousness of Fate, an immortal symphony of fulfilment—to pass on like this with Carla, no matter how many hundred centuries had gone before! And some one—his wife—had said—that seconds meant more than years—when—like this—

The roaring was an enormity of sound. Its wailing was like the wind in the cave of Aeolus, its thunder like Stentor's blasts rumbling through the empty bowels of the earth. They numbed and anesthetized, yet left him with a shred of living, thinking cells which told him they were tearing through the gullet of the gorge, and which, at the same time, held his arms unyielding as bands of steel about Carla's body.

Although close to the edge of an abyss of utter darkness, consciousness did not quite leave him. Vaguely he experienced the thrill of being transported out of a hell of tumultuous sound into a soft and gently drifting sea which was without noise or violence. For an interval he fancied his arms were wings and that he was trying to fly, making rather a bad mess of it because one side of him refused to co-ordinate with the other. This was the arm, only one arm now, which held Carla. With the other, after a little, he found himself clawing and digging for something. A man may live a hundred years, but when he is ready to die and looks back over the path he has traveled, it seems very short, and the hundred years no more than a few hours. Paul had reflected upon the illusory and baseless fabric of time, its inadequacy and the hollowness of its human measurement. "One who is happy has but a fleeting vision of life," Carla had said to him once. "To live long and terribly, one must be unhappy—in prison." It was odd why he should be thinking of this as he continued to claw and dig. But time had fastened itself upon him like a leech, and if each second of his wide-awake life had been as long as these few seconds he would have lived a thousand years. During this cycle of his existence he slowly and tediously progressed, until, with air filling his lungs again, and the smothering folds of near-insensibility breaking away from him, he knew that he was no longer in water, that his fingers were clutching at soft sand, and that the burden which he had dragged with him was Carla.

There was scarcely a breath between this knowledge and the full and poignant possession of every faculty with which his brain was capable of being inspired. But darkness, mystery, the defeat of death, and the fact of his own physical salvation were submerged all at once in an agonized appeal to the limp, dead form which he clasped in his arms. The spirits of the sable blackness about him listened to his voice calling Carla's name as he struggled to bring life back into her body. Once he had worked over a little girl who had been taken from the water, and now memory came to him vividly of the first gentle beating of the heart again, the slow returning of the soul into the tender body, until the child lived and breathed once more. But Carla's soft breast gave no response. Her lips were cold and lifeless, and, at last, believing her surely dead, he held her face close to him, and kissed her mouth and eyes, as the father of the little girl had kissed his child when she was returning to him. When the first whisper of breath came from Carla's lips he was holding her like this, staring into the blackness. Her heart, beating faintly, responded to the call of life close against his own. Her lips grew warm. Her eyes opened. Paul kissed her again in the blackness that shut them in and found that she was alive.

(To be Continued)

Clean milk should be more than clean to the eye; it must be bacteriologically clean. Dominion Bacteriologist.

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TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
TORONTO, MAY 31, 1933.

Record of Executioner of King Charles First

In connection with the history of King Charles the First, a letter is still in existence written by a notorious Mother Redcap, who lived in a small thatched building on rough ground leading from the Tyburn road over Crack Skull common to Hampstead, says a writer in the London Times. The legend runs that one wild night she was disturbed by a stranger at her door imploring shelter, as he was a fugitive from justice. After a stormy scene, in which he displayed plenty of money, the old woman consented to admit him. He remained with her some years, when he died. At the inquest one of the doctors declared that he knew the body to be that of the man who had been employed to decapitate King Charles I. Mr. Walter Crick writes: "I have not seen the book myself, but I am told that this entry concerning the identity of King Charles I's executioner may be found, as a marginal note, in the burial register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel: 'This Richard Brandon received £30 for the job, which was paid in half-crowns within an hour after the execution had taken place; he took an orange stuck with cloves and a handkerchief from the king's pocket and sold the former article to a gentleman for 10s.'"

Finds Young Hedgehogs Soft, Also Inquisitive

One evening, when it was almost dark, I noticed a small creature come out from under a shed in my garden, and nimbly trot down the path and across a patch of lawn, writes a well-known naturalist. Suspecting what the animal was, I determined to become better acquainted, and so the next night found me waiting patiently in the shadow. Sure enough, about the same time of the evening my friend appeared again, this time, however, followed by three babies, all in a straight line. I quickly picked up the last of the procession and carried my prize into the house.

It was, of course, a young hedgehog, and was most interestingly inquisitive. There was no sign of fear, and after the first moment of my picking him up, showed no intention of making a ball of himself. I put him on the dining table, and he quickly investigated everything he could see. Although the light was on he did not seem to mind, and even allowed me to touch him again without remonstrance. He was delightfully soft to the touch underneath, and the spikes did not inconvenience one as long as the hand was held flat. Not wishing to make his mother uneasy, I soon returned him to the garden, where the rest of the family were sauntering about the lawn.—Montreal Herald.

Frenchmen Found Humor in Idea of Guillotine

Doctor Guillotine, the inventor of the French machine for executions, is rumored to have died by the instrument. The guillotine was rather an improvement than an invention, for similar contrivances had been in use in other countries; Scotland, where the regent Morton was so decapitated in 1581; Yorkshire (the Halifax "gibbet"); Germany, Italy, even southern France.

It was in December, 1789, that Doctor Guillotine put his plan before the constituent assembly, but it was not adopted till October, 1791.

Apparently deputies found the subject humorous. "With my machine," asseverated the doctor, "I whisk off your head (vous fais sauter la tete) in a twinkling, and you have no pain." "Whereat," adds Carlyle, in his historical present tense, "they all laugh."

Scraps of Paper

A farmer purchased a number of agricultural implements from a London firm. When, after a reasonable period, the account was not paid, the firm sent a representative to the farmer to demand payment in cash.

After much haggling with the farmer the representative finally agreed to take a check in payment. Returning to London, he presented the check at the farmer's bank, and was surprised when the cashier refused to honor it.

"But surely Farmer George keeps his accounts here, doesn't he?" asked the puzzled man.

"Yes, that's quite true," replied the cashier. "The farmer keeps his accounts here, but I don't know where he keeps his money."—Boston Herald.

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Elephant's Big Part in East Indian Pageantry

Elephant transport, slow but sure, survives in the rough country of Central India and Rajputana, but is gradually being discarded by Indian princes and merchants for the faster automobile, according to a writer in the Manchester (England) Guardian. On the great estates of the maharajas the elephant carriages are retained for state occasions, when the animal plays a leading role in the display of Indian pageantry. From ten to thirty elephants are used in festivities of this kind, especially when a local potentate celebrates a birthday. The beasts are gorgeously outfitted for such occasions, and painted. Their trunks, ears and tails are covered with red, yellow and green flowers and their foreheads are daubed with gilt to match the decorative coats of the howdahs and the trappings of the carriages.

President Killed Men

If you want to stump a person who prides himself or herself on being well informed, ask this question: "What President killed a man?" The quizzed one will probably try to think of some duel or battle in which a President fought. But you further mystify by saying that the killing was done in cold blood. Of course it's a catch question.

Long before he became Chief Executive, Grover Cleveland was a county sheriff and in that capacity officiated at executions. The gallows on which he hanged several murderers is still preserved in a garage in back of the Erie county jail at Cleveland.—The Pathfinder.

Famous Mural Decorations

The Boston public library has many unusually beautiful mural decorations. John Sargent, Edwin Abbey and John Elliott were among the American painters of distinction who were invited to decorate this building. The celebrated French artist Puvis de Chevannes collaborated with them. Sargent contributed "The Frieze of the Prophets." The widow of John Elliott in her recently published biography of her husband tells in detail of his work, which is on permanent exhibition in the building. Edwin Abbey chose for his theme the "Quest of the Holy Grail." His murals are in the delivery room of the library.

Driest Place on Earth

The driest place on earth is Payta, in Peru, about five degrees south of the equator. In spite of the fact that this province is on the seaboard, there are children living there ten or twelve year old who have never seen a shower of rain.

Clouds are plentiful, and occasionally there are heavy sea fogs, yet as much as fifteen years may elapse between showers.

In spite of the dryness, this country is inhabited, for small streams, coming down from the western side of the Andes, water it.

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Selling Father a New Car

By WILLIAM MARSH

"ABSOLUTELY nothing doing!" Father banged his fist down on the table with such vehemence that the breakfast dishes rattled. "I'm perfectly satisfied with my old car and will not be bulldozed into buying a new one!"

Bill was ashamed of the "family bus," as he derisively termed it. More ashamed than ever, now that he had a pencil of a girl to take riding. It didn't matter so much about his sister Corinne.

When she went out somebody else supplied the conveyance, and every time that Bill saw her depart in young Doctor Jordan's smart roadster or the Whipple boys' limousine, he felt a twinge of envy—not for himself, but for Dot—that peach of a girl.

Bill finished his poached eggs morosely and departed for the warehouse of Sanders and company, whose rising young shipping clerk he fondly fancied himself to be. His way led him past the showrooms of the Berwick Super-Eight and according to custom he paused and gazed covetously through the plate-glass window at the polished, shining model.

"Beauty, isn't she?" said a pleasant voice. And Bill turned to see one of the salesmen he had frequently spotted showing off the beauty's fine points to possible purchasers.

"I'll say so!" declared Bill fervently.

"Interested in cars?" asked the other.

"Well, not exactly," gulped Bill. "That is, my father—"

"Thinking of buying, is he? Fine. What make has he now?"

Bill named it, inwardly cursing it for being the unobtrusive species it was.

"Good little car in its day," said the salesman kindly and, thanks be, thought Bill, not at all condescendingly. "But not, as you can see, to be mentioned in the same breath with this. Now, step in a moment—"

When Bill stepped out again, he had all the talking points of the Berwick at his tongue's end; he was late for work and he had given Mr. John Wildman his father's name, address and probable hours at home. Not that he expected it would do any good, remembering his father's face and fist at the breakfast table. But it seemed a small return for the twenty minutes of the salesman's time.

Mr. John Wildman came that evening. As it chanced, his prospect had gone up to the corner drug store for cigars and had remained to chat with the proprietor. Corinne, answering the doorbell and finding that her father's caller was a singularly attractive, alert looking young man, took it upon herself to see that the moments spent waiting hung not too heavily on his hands.

In the course of polite conversation they discovered two mutual acquaintances and several common interests, so that by the time his prospect's puncent cigar smoke in the front hall heralded the arrival of business and end of sociability, young Wildman had registered a silent resolution not to take "no" for an answer—from Corinne's father, of course.

But in the days that followed Bill knew no peace. "Set him on my trail!" his father burst forth frequently, "and we'll see who wins in the end. Oh, I'll grant he's all right as young fellows go and knows his business, but no young whippersnapper can foist off anything on me that I don't want!"

Not only to his father was Bill person non grata, but young Doctor Jordan and the older Whipple boy cast frosty eyes upon him when they met.

Without doubt they held him responsible for the fact that their cars no longer drew up at the door of his home to take riding his sister. If Bill had set the salesman on his father's trail, so also had he provided a suitor for Corinne who won out over all rivals.

In fact, John soon ceased to worry about disposing of a Berwick Super-Eight. His thoughts and ambitions centered alone on the winning of Corinne. Although he still maintained a pretense of regarding her father as a probable purchaser, both he and Corinne—and the probable purchaser—knew the bluff for what it was.

Only Bill remained unobserving. Thoughts of the Berwick Super-Eight crowded his vision to the exclusion of all else. Spring was approaching, when he would wait to take Dot riding. Another season in the old bus was more than he could stand.

"Dad," he broke out desperately one evening, "do we, or do we not, get a new car this year?"

His father regarded him over his glasses. "I guess you win, William," he said resignedly. "John informed me last night that he wants to marry Corinne. Your sister informed me this morning the least I could do in the way of a wedding present would be a car. So I shall purchase a Berwick. Yes, you win."

But his son's face was long. "Don't see how that helps me any—giving it to Corinne," he said gloomily.

"You don't get me at all, William," retorted his father. "We get the Berwick, they get the 'bus.' Good Lord, William, your mother and I didn't start with even a flivver! You young folks—"

But Bill was at the telephone to date up Dot for a ride.

Music Notes

In the course of a music lesson, given in the lower grades the teacher was emphasizing the form and value of music.

Miss H. was having the kiddies make forms of whole notes, half notes and "quarter" notes on their fingers.

Little Mary, very much interested, said:

"Miss H, how do you make a 10-cent note?"

Three Girls of a Kind

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

FOR several years Marcia Glen, Cora Bassett and Jerry St. Claire had taught adjoining rooms in the Webster grammar school and were popularly supposed to possess similar tastes along all lines.

Only in one respect did they differ, and that was on the subject of the most desirable spot in which to pass the annual summer vacation.

Had you eavesdropped from Mrs. Bates' living room one June evening as the three chatted on the porch you would have heard them expressing their opinions thereupon along with Mrs. Bates' other boarders, from the Trumbull twins to Lacy Haskell, eccentric bachelor.

Marcia delivered herself definitely. "My hay fever will not stand any place but Bretton Woods."

"It's futile to urge me," interrupted Cora briskly. "The surf, the crowds, the boardwalk— Ocean Grove for mine!"

Jerry, the youngest of the trio, swung a trimly shod foot from the couch hammock. "I," she told them, "am trying a new place. Oh, another Adirondack camp, of course. Couldn't miss the canoeing, August bass, etc. Finger Lake Inn—that will be my address."

This matter disposed of, the three turned on new subjects. One thing leading to another, the imminent wedding of a mutual acquaintance was arrived at.

"What she can see in him worth the loss of her freedom and good times, beats me!" declared the decisive Jerry.

"Our married friends are not a stimulant to imitation. I wouldn't marry the best man living!" laughed Marcia comfortably.

"Nor I!" said Cora.

"Nor I!" said Jerry, explosively.

In the living room the audience, forgotten by the three outside, listened shamelessly. The twins giggled. Lacy Haskell puffed thoughtfully at his cigar. And he took out a little note book and made three entries: Bretton Woods; Ocean Grove; Finger Lake Inn.

The morning following Marcia's arrival in the White mountains she ran into Lacy Haskell.

He explained his presence vaguely, but straightway dated up Marcia for tennis that afternoon, and from that moment proceeded to make such inroads upon her time that she lay awake nights wondering. Particularly as he had let her know almost deliberately that he never intended wed.

Marcia was piqued, interested, beguiled. She evaded him, endured him, and, it must be confessed, at length pursued him. When in the course of casual conversation she hinted that marriage would be the making of him, Lacy fled precipitately to the evening train.

Three days later he was giving the boardwalk procession at Ocean Grove a critical survey. By his side Miss Cora Bassett beamed and glowed. That Lacy had just been telling her of his pet aversion to marriage and the female sex in general. Yet wasn't he full of plans for the next few days which included her? Who could tell what might fall out? Cora all but clung to his arm, sent him oblique, coquettish glances.

That very evening another cross went into Lacy's little booklet and he nodded with satisfaction. And as soon as he had fulfilled his obligations with Cora he checked out and headed north. His baggage was labeled for Finger Lake Inn.

Somehow or other, when Lacy from the stern of a canoe looked at the slim, knicker-clad Jerry his patter about confirmed bachelorhood and distrust of her sex sounded rather insane. In the days that followed he found himself involved in a strange predicament. Jerry did not respond as the other two had to his attentions and the cooler she grew the more he wished she wouldn't. Soon he had forgotten that he was making a personally conducted experiment to prove that the woman didn't exist who would refuse any man's attentions.

He wanted Jerry for his wife and wasted her very much.

One afternoon—and he noticed it shortly after the arrival of the mail—Jerry was so very supine to him that his hopes fell thuddingly and he decided to know the worst.

Listlessly he put the age-old question, sadly sure of the answer.

Followed a silence—then bitter speech from the girl. "Are you playing with me as you did with Marcia and, as I heard this morning, with Cora as well? They both write how only the most desperate measures warded off a proposal."

Whatever were Lacy's inmost thoughts, he kept them to himself and rose like a hero to the occasion. There was but one road to take, that of confession, and he traveled it gallantly from beginning to end. Twilight was dimming the lake when Jerry saw fit to forgive him, and they were started on their homeward way when Lacy, lifted to the seventh heaven, grinned tensingly.

"Perhaps my experiments did fail with the other two"—he did not let Jerry share his mental reservations in the matter—"but how about—"

"The third?" asked Jerry coolly, "meaning me? Oh, I merely said I wouldn't marry the best man living!"

And what could Lacy say?

Sand Dunes' Formation

Sand dunes are formed by the wind. A stiff breeze blowing along the beach carries some sand with it. It meets some obstacle, a piece of driftwood or perhaps merely a tuft of grass. Some of the sand is deposited and a tiny dune is formed. More and more sand is added until a large mound is formed, sometimes rising to a height of 300 feet. The wind not only builds up dunes, but tears them down, so that the sand dunes are constantly changing in form and position.

Test of Her Character

By ADELAIDE D. HUFF

"JUST to think," Constance Mason whispered in Paul's ear, "just to think that six weeks ago we had never even seen each other, and now . . ."

Paul Forestor's arm tightened around the girl and he kissed her soft brown hair gently.

"It was the magic of the sea," he said, "and we were both in holiday mood. When people go vacationing . . ."

"Aren't you glad?" asked Constance, looking up quickly and trying to scan his features in the soft moonlight. "Don't you believe you'd have loved me wherever you had met me? Did it take the sea and holiday?"

"Hush, dear," he said almost irritably.

For the twentieth time in their short acquaintance Constance wished that she did not love him. He was so moody and so difficult to understand and always he seemed to be afraid of love, suspicious of her sincerity or something. What was it? she wondered, uneasily.

"Do you really love me?" he asked after a moment. Of course, Constance couldn't miss the canoeing, August bass, etc. Finger Lake Inn—that will be my address."

"Forever," the girl answered solemnly, but Forestor continued:

"What would you advise a man to do who had married the wrong woman?"

"You—married" she exclaimed, her voice breaking on a sob, as she wrenched herself away from him.

"Constance, don't," he pleaded, catching her by the wrist. "You must hear me. Suppose the man had never loved that woman. What then?"

"Any children?" she asked after a moment in a tone quite devoid of emotion.

"One," he answered, dully.

"I'd tell him to go back and do his duty; if there had been no child I should have said the same thing, but since there is I say it with ten times the emphasis. Goodby, Paul. Let me go, please."

She freed herself and ran swiftly into the house, slamming the door behind her.

Late that night the doorbell rang and a messenger brought a special delivery from Forestor.

"Take it away. I don't want to see it," she told her astonished mother.

"Why, Constance, what's happened?" Mrs. Mason exclaimed in surprise. "I thought you and Paul were out somewhere and now here I find you—"

"If you love me, mother, do go away," the girl pleaded, her voice breaking.

"I will if you'll promise to read that letter," she said.

With a jerk of impatience Constance took the envelope in her hands and ripped it open as Mrs. Mason quietly left the room. Only her sense of honor made the girl unfold the pages and glance at them.

"My own precious girl" (it began) "it was a horrible test, but I had to do it, to satisfy myself that you were really true and splendid. But Constance, I am not married and never have been. It was my fool, idiotic way of testing your character. I've been caught once, and I've been afraid of everyone since then.

"When I was twenty-five I met a girl in the Adirondacks whom I loved desperately and it was not until after we were engaged that she told me that she was married and had a husband and child in New York city. She wanted to put them aside like tossing off an old dress, but I knew only too well that later she would be willing to shed me in the same lightheartedfashion.

"After that I concluded that all girls were alike. Then when I met you some devil made me test you in the way I did. But Constance, you came up to the mark. I adore you more than I ever did and now if I can only win you back I shall have no fear of losing you for I know how truly fine you are. All my doubts died when you sent me packing.

"Won't you let me come back? If I have been cruel, forgive me. You don't know the years I've suffered and brooded over this thing and I'll spend a lifetime making it up to you. I could be so happy with you now. Yours ever, Paul. P.S.—I shall be in the swing on your porch at eight o'clock tomorrow evening. If you don't want to see me I have only myself to blame, but if you should have enough mercy you'll find a new man awaiting you."

When Constance had finished reading the letter her emotions went into reverse and she danced around the room like a young lunatic. But it was a rather subdued Constance who met Paul the next evening.

"If you ever try a stunt like that again," she warned him, but he was too irrestibly joyful to listen to her.

"I was certain I'd lost you," he said, as he held her in his arms.

"You came terribly near it," Constance returned soberly. "If I hadn't loved—"

But she got no further, for with bowed head Paul sealed her words with a kiss and all the misery of the previous evening fled away on the wings of love.

World's Most Modern Farm

The most up-to-date farm in the world is located on the border of Surrey and Sussex, in England. The 600 acres contained in the farm are owned by a syndicate of three men. Electricity is put to no fewer than 87 uses on the amazing farm. Each beehive has a chamber electrically warmed; horses and ponies are groomed by means of electrically-operated devices; milking, incubating, hay-drying, insect destruction, and plowing are all done by electricity.—Grit.

The Debt of Honor

By JANE OSBORN

A DEPRESSING and unaccustomed silence hung over the supper table in the Yates dining room. Occasionally Mrs. Yates cast knowing looks at her husband, with side glances at her daughter, Dorothy, who was eating valiantly despite an aching heart. Her brother, Samuel Yates, was silent because the only thing he wanted to talk about was the thing that his father had ordered him not to mention.

Finally Father Yates said, "Ahem," by way of beginning, and then after a pause and with his eyes on his wife to see that she approved he began: "I suppose you have heard the news, Dorothy."

"Yes," was all she answered.

"Have you any idea what made him leave?"

"No, father," she said, and then bit her lip and looked down to stifle the sob in her voice.

"Well, then there is something crooked about it. He would have told you, I guess, if there hadn't been."

Dorothy's eyes, now raised daringly, were glowing with indignation. "How can you say that?" she asked. "You know Tom Payson didn't take anything with him. I know what you've been saying all day. You've been asking down at the bank and all around to see if he forged a check or anything."

"That's just what we have been doing," said the father. "So far everything seems to be O. K. And the funny thing about it is that he went off without ever getting a cent of what's due him for the work he has done."

"Why, papa," interjected Mrs. Yates, "Tom has worked here nearly three months. Why in the world didn't you pay him regularly, same as the other hired men?"

"'Cause he asked me not to when he came," said Mr. Yates, with satisfaction at not being to blame. "He said he'd rather have the money piling up, of something of the sort."

"Yes," went on Mr. Yates, "I've had the other thing happen, but I don't know as I ever heard of just this sort of thing. I remember the time Henry cleared out owing me for two loads of feeder I'd been supplying him all winter."

"How much did he owe you, dad?" asked the practical Samuel.

"Just three hundred and ninety-two dollars and a half," said Mr. Yates. "I remember—" Then he stopped short and looked around at the faces of the members of his family round the supper table. They had all been struck by the same fact at the same time.

"Did it ever strike you," Mr. Yates asked his wife slowly, "that this fellow looked a mite like Henry Glover—like enough to be his son?"

"But how could he be his son when his name is Payson?" asked Dorothy.

A week later Mr. Yates announced that he had had a letter from "that fellow that disappeared."

"What I was going to say," said Mr. Yates, "is that this young fellow Tom Payson is Glover's nephew. He went out West and so did his folks, and seems like now old Glover has died and Payson found out that he'd left this debt. Might have been a dying request of the old man's. And as Payson comes on and pays the debt in the only way he can, by working it out. He doesn't say it in just that many words in his letter," Mr. Yates continued, "but I judge that is what happened. He says, though, that he still owes the interest, but he'll get around to paying that in cash. Now, that's what I call being pretty honest. I shouldn't say," added Mr. Yates, talking for his daughter's benefit, but not looking at her, "that Tom Payson amounted to a whole lot. Probably won't ever be anything but a hired man all his days, but there's a real smart one at that, but he earned his four dollars a day all right."

"I suppose you'd feel awfully disappointed if I was to marry a hired man," Dorothy said.

"I'd rather you didn't," said Mr. Yates. "Still, Tom Payson's a mighty honest fellow, even if he is a hired man."

"But he isn't, dad," said Dorothy, and then from the passageway between the living room and the front door appeared Tom Payson. Dorothy ushered him into the presence of Mr. Yates and, after rather embarrassed greetings, went on, "he's a mining engineer, dad, and no more hired man than I am."

Mr. Yates put the question that puzzled him. "If you are an up and coming mining engineer, then why didn't you pay that debt in cash instead of giving up your time to it?" he asked.

"Because," said Tom, "my uncle told me about the difficulty between you and him and said that though he felt that he was probably to blame he wouldn't pay it and made me promise never to pay it, either. You see, he left me as his only heir. I couldn't take that money without paying his debts. I promised not to pay in money, I didn't promise not to pay in work. But I didn't say anything about paying interest. I'll figure that out, Mr. Yates, and pay it and then we'll be square."

"Well, well, sir," said Mr. Yates, stupefied, "I'm blessed! Well, I see no reason why you shouldn't marry Dorothy."

And so Mr. Yates gave his consent before it was asked.

Women in Naval Reserve

Women have never been eligible for enlistment in the regular navy. During the World war women were enrolled in the naval reserves. This enrollment, however, was discontinued 15 November, 1918.

Vindictiveness

Among the curious causes for revoking wills is the action of a lady, who revoked a large bequest to a life-saving society because it had saved the life of a poor relation to whom she grudgingly gave a small weekly dole.

It costs you less *to* own the best

Canadian Built

BECAUSE it is built to give you LIFETIME service . . . without trouble, without attention, without expense . . . Westinghouse DUAL-AUTOMATIC is the most economical refrigerator you can own.

Its lifelong efficiency, up-to-date conveniences and advanced features—the tremendously important VALUE you get for your money, means SAVINGS in your home that only the DUAL-AUTOMATIC can give. Every saving is a permanent one, not to be eaten up by service or repairs later on.

Present low prices and special deferred payment terms make your purchase just as practical as any other home necessity. The sooner you have it—the sooner it will SAVE $50 to $150 a year in your home.

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square *Napanee*

Every house needs **Westinghouse**

ROTARY CLUB FIELD DAY

NAPANEE DRIVING PARK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14th

1933

Four BOXING, and One WRESTLING MATCH

Hardball at 3 p. m.

Gibbard's 1st Baseball Team vs. Brighton

RACES :

½ mile Relay Race, open
120 Yard Dash, open
Running High Jump
Boys' Race, under 16
Tug-of-War

½ mile Bicycle Race, open
Running Broad Jump, open
Married Ladies' Race
Girls' Race, under 16
Horseshoe Pitching

ADDED ATTRACTION !

OTTAWA Professional Hockey Players' **SOFTBALL TEAM**

vs.

NAPANEE ALL STAR TEAM

PAVEMENT DANCE

Market Square, 9 to 12 p.m.

Tickets from any member of Rotary Club.

25 Cents, - Admission to Park

25 Cents for Dance on Market.

ACTING PREMIER LAUDS NEW ISSUE

Toronto, May 31.—Following the announcement of the new $25,000,000 issue of Province of Ontario Debentures, Hon. William H. Price, Acting Premier of the Province in the absence of Hon. George S. Henry, when interviewed today enlarged upon the attractive nature of the issue, its availability to the small investor and the arrangements made so as to give all residents of the Province the same opportunity to subscribe.

"The new $25,000,000 issue," Mr. Price declared, "bears an attractive yield both for the 4% debentures and the longer term 4½% debentures. Every class of investor is provided for in the denomination of $1,000 for the 4% and in the popular denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000 for the 4½%.

"The Provincial Treasurer, I think, is following a sound policy in making the debentures so easily available to the small investor. The convenient denominations should carry a wide appeal and encourage all citizens of the Province to participate in an investment which has behind it the assets of this populous and wealthy Province.

"The new issue has certain advantages which are highly desirable attributes of any debenture offering. Any citizen with $100 or a multiple of $100 can share in this loan, be confident of its unassailable security and profit by its attractive yield. Other features are that the bonds are being offered direct by the Province to the public and that the issue prices for the various maturities are the same to every investor—the debentures are issued absolutely at the same rate and under the same conditions to all.

"Every citizen who can afford to participate in this loan should not hesitate to send in his or her order. Investment in the loan is certainly a constructive step from the viewpoint of the investor, and from that of the Province. To the investor is given the opportunity to employ surplus funds, to earn a gratifying rate of interest on his principal and be assured of complete security. To him also is given the opportunity to share constructively in the progress of this province."

Many farmers in Alberta and British Columbia are changing to Garnet wheat because of its earlier maturity.

ROCKERY AND ALPINE PLANTS

It is generally supposed that this class of plants require a great deal of care. As a matter of fact we know of no other class that asks so little. They succeed best when left entirely alone. Of course weeds should be eradicated, and water provided when required. Occasionally it is necessary to add a little soil that has been washed out by heavy rainstorms, that occurs on steep slopes, but other than this they require no attention.

There are thousands of varieties of Alpine plants, but we intend to concern ourselves with the more common varieties, that can be procured easily, and at a nominal cost.

Once you have seen these floral gems in bloom, there is little doubt that you will desire to add to your collection. Most of those who start a rockery end with becoming real connoiseurs. To our mind there is no such thing as color schemes, or contrast in planting. We have witnessed some masterpieces by nature, that if they were reproduced on canvas they would certainly be termed bizarre. There is one thing to keep in mind however, and that is to see that the "trailing" or "creeping" plants are not too close together, but are interspersed throughout the rockery. The following list of plants will be helpful to those who may not be familiar with the habits and colors :

Alyssum Saxatile, yellow, 12 in.
Aquilegia Alpinus, blue, 12 in.
Arabis Alpina, white, trailing.
Arenaria Montana, white, trailing.
Aster Alpinus, violet, 9 inches.
Aubretia Purpurea, purple, trailing.
Campanula Carpatica, blue, 12 in.
Cerastium Tomentosum, white, trailing.
Dianthus Deltoides, rose, 12 in.
Festuca Glauca, blue, 6 inches.
Guem Mrs. Bradshaw, scarlet, 12 inches.
Hellianthemum (rock rose) pink, 6 inches.
Ibenis, white, 9 inches.
Iris Dwarf, purple, 6 inches.
Linum (blue flax) blue, 12 in.
Myosotis (Forget-me- not) 6 in.
Nepeta (Catnip) mauve, 12 inches.
Papaver Nudicale (Iceland Poppy) yellow, white, and bronze, 12 inches.
Phlox Subulata, pink, trailing.
Sedums in variety (mossy growth) trailing.
Thymus (Thyme) purple, trailing.
Viola Tufted Pansies), yellow, 6 in.

If you have any problems pertaining to gardening and would like advice, write enclosing a stamped envelope and mention this paper to the Arcadian Nurseries, Islington, Ont.

TIME TO SQUAWK

(From an editorial in the Rotarian Magazine).

"Taxation," a French cynic once observed, "is the art of plucking the goose to get the most feathers with the least squawking." To the farmer who has seen his acres go under the hammer, to the apartment-house owner who has turned his property over to the bondholder, that definition is more painful than whimsical. These men from their own experience know that the power to tax carries the power to destroy.

Taxes, we are told, are the price we pay for government. There is no quarrel about that. But surely, when the costs of government mount to such heights as to confiscate property and the very patience of men is taxed, it is time for those who foot the government's bills to give a thought to the plucking process. And it becomes exceedingly apropos to inquire into what uses are made of so many feathers.

Questions like these are not to be deferred. We can decide when we want, to how far Jupiter is from the moon ; but let's give these matters attention now. They confront us every time we send son or daughter to school or buy gasoline or post a letter. Let the cynic's definition stand. We—you and I— are the goose he was talking about. The feathers are from our backs. And what are we going to do about it ?

We can, of course, leave the whole thing to George. We have done it ; we can do it again. But if we do, let's not snap at George's heels. If we let him call the game, common sportsmanship demands that we abide by his method and decisions.

The other alternative, is to find out things for ourselves, to study taxing methods, to learn whether we are getting a dollars worth of government for the dollar we spend for it. Many Rotary clubs have sponsored enlightening forums and discussions ; more are going to do it.

Agreed, not every man can be a member of a school board or a legislature, but it stands to reason that those who are will be far more likely to be wise and courageous leaders if they knew that behind them stand well-informed and very much in earnest followers.

June beetles spend the day in the soil and fly around only at night.

On the average, wheat contains 65 per cent. starch.

The beet sugar industry is an important one in Southern Alberta, some 14,000 acres being planted annually to sugar beets, the local factory of the Canadian Sugar Factories, Ltd., producing well over 30,000,000 lbs. of sugar each year.

TODAY and TOMORROW

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

SILVER . . . . . in the money

In August, 1931, I wrote a paragraph in this column to the effect that silver was a good thing to invest in. It was then selling at 29 cents an ounce, and I predicted that within three or four years the price would double.

Some of my readers may remember that ; at any ate, I feel justified in boasting a little about my power of prophecy.

For silver has started back up and it is headed for its old level. A lot of things have delayed it, such as the general world-wide depression accelerated by Britain going off the gold standard. But the acceptance of silver in payment of war debts at not more than 50 cents an ounce seems now to be on the cards, as well as the purchase of the entire visible supply of silver for money purposes.

For four thousand years, silver was the standard money metal of the whole world. Gold began to take its place beside silver about the year of the American Revolution. Gold became the chief money metal less than 100 years ago. Business and the demand for money increased so much faster than the gold supply that now there isn't anywhere near enough gold to go around.

WRESTLER . . . and farm boy

My friend Doc Roller is dead. When I first met him he was a professional wrestler, challenging all comers in a series of wrestling bouts in New York. He wore a mask and did not let his name become known. As the "Masked Marvel" he threw Frank Gotch, "Strangler' Lewis, and many other famous wrestlers, and made himself enough money to quit at 39 and set up in the practice of medicine.

Ben Roller started as a farm boy, grew to weigh 200 pounds and was as lithe and quick as a cat. He worked his way through college and medical school and was Professor of Physiology in the University of Washington and supervisor of college athletics when friends urged him to take on a professional wrestler for a purse. He won $1,600 that night. Then he threw Frank Gotch for a purse of $4,000.

Doc Roller died at 57 of pneumonia. He was a good doctor and a good friend as well as a good wrestler. I liked and admired him because he used all of his talents to the best advantage.

LAMONT . . . . has bank ideas

"Tom" Lamont, partner in J. P. Morgan & Company, international bankers, is proud of the fact that he was a newspaper reporter before he was a banker. Lately he has been telling the world what's wrong with our banks.

We have the worst banking system in the world, Tom Lamont says, and he ought to know. He advocates bringing all the commercial banks of the nation into the Federal Reserve System, under Governmental control.

I do not see how anyone except some little man who wants to pose as a big man by running a bank on his own, to gratify his vanity, can object to that. Some crooks might but there aren't so many crooks in the banking business as some folks think, and they are getting weeded out.

The main cause of our system of independent, small ,weak banks has been a sort of false local pride. Safety of the money of depositors ought to be the first consideration in starting or —running any bank. Real bankers lie awake nights worrying whether they ought to loan money to Tom, Dick or Harry, and whether the Widow Jones' deposit is safe. We need fewer banks and more real bankers.

TIDES . . . . . and harness

There is something fascinating in the idea of making the moon turn a mill-wheel. It is so fascinating that men, since the beginning of time, have tried to harness the tides.

On a small scale, in the old days when money, men and materials were cheap, there were many little gristmills and sawmills along the New England Coast at the mouths of tidal creeks. Twice a day the water rose and was impounded behind a gated dam. As the tide went out the water flowing over the dam would turn the mill-wheel for five or six hours.

When it comes to impounding the forty-foot tides of the Bay of Fundy,

or, as is proposed in England, to harness the mouth of the Severn, it becomes a problem involving hundreds of millions of dollars, on which the interest charges are so high as to bring the cost of the current generated almost up to the cost of making electricity with coal or oil.

Still ,when good times are again firmly with us, we shall see men harnessing the moon and lighting great cities by the movement of the tides:.

GEARS . . . . . new shift

Ever since the gasoline engine was invented, about fifty years ago, the problem of how to change the speed of the drive shaft without changing the engine speed has been one to strain the ingenuity of engineers.

The only practical way seems to be with a gear-box and some sort of gear-shifting mechanism. Nobody is entirely pleased, however, with any of the systems yet invented. I have had three different types of gear-shifts on different cars I have owned.

Now one of the big motor manufacturers announces that he is going to bring out a car with an automatic gear shift, which will not require any skill effort or attention on the part of the driver. I'll believe it when I see it, but I hope it's true.

COMMENTABLE COMMENTS

MACDONALD ON PEACE—"The business man should take a foremost place in the ranks of the ambassadors of world peace. Anyone who has been striving to that end has had to meet with much discouragement from quarters which seem to have no appreciation of the difficult and delicate ways that have to be trodden. The only sure way is the road of mutual confidence."—J. Ramsay MacDonald in the June Rotarian Magazine.

* * *

CHINA AND JAPAN ARE GOOD CUSTOMERS—"During the first three years of the depression, China took over $40,000,000 worth of American flour and wheat, and paid for it—paid for every bushel and pound of it in the ordinary course of business transactions. During the three years ending 1931, Japan purchased in the United States raw cotton to the value of more than $250,000,000. These transactions involved no politics, no diplomatic issues, no loans. It was legitimate business, done across the counter—goods bought and paid for" —George E. Sokolsky, in the June Rotarian Magazine.

* * *

The gross agricultural wealth of Canada for 1932 is estimated at approximately 5,069,920,000 dollars, as compared with 5,696,972,000 dollars, the revised estimate for 1931.

June is the harvest month of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, south of Spain, North Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas, Texas, Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Missouri and Kansas.

PORK PREDOMINANT

Canadians Consume a Larger Amount Than in Years.

Reminiscent of the brave old days when a barrel of pork constituted an every-ready standby in the pioneers' larder, Canadians in 1932, according to the latest statistics, ate more pork and less beef and eggs than in the preceding three years. In 1932 also, more turkeys, ducks and geese were eaten than in 1931, but less than in 1930 and 1929. Again, in 1932 the consumption of chickens was less than in the preceding year.

Reckoned in percentages, every Canadian man, woman and child in 1932 individually consumed 91.79 lbs. of pork ; 56.02 lbs. of beef ; 6.97 lbs. of mutton ; 7.87 lbs. of chickens ; 1.75 lbs. of turkey ; .41 of a pound of duck; .83 of a pound of geese, and 23.36 doz. eggs. The estimated total consumption for the year is :—pork, 964,385,673 lbs ; beef, 589,509,857 lbs ; mutton, 73, 182,356 ; chicken, 82,658,449 lbs ; turkey, 18,424,340 lbs ; duck, 4,285,215 lbs; geese, 8,670,600 lbs ; and eggs, 297,949,339 dozen.—Dominion Department of Agriculture.

"Good-Bye Uncle Jock"

Said Vera Fleck, (left) and Lyette Teppaz, as they shook hands with Captain R. G. Latta, and left the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Britain at Father Point, Quebec, to make an aeroplane dash to Montreal on their way to Chicago where they are contestants in the selection of a "Queen" of the Century of Progress Exposition.

No matter what the contest results Vera and Lyette will carry memories of a thrilling first voyage home with them. The Empress of Britain, one of the world's fastest liners, broke two records for them, and a combination of fast ship, fast plane and fast train gave the two pretty girls the distinction of making the fastest voyages from London and Paris to Chicago ever recorded.

They travelled so fast all the way that Miss Teppaz, who lunched in Paris, Friday, May 18, found herself breakfasting less than six days later in Chicago, May 25. Miss Fleck's record was from breakfast to breakfast. Canadian Pacific officials arranged every detail of their entire journey which, with the exception of two hours and fifty minutes in the air, used the facilities of that organization.

Summer's around the corner!

ALREADY you are beginning to enjoy the outdoor season. Wouldn't you welcome a crisp breakfast tomorrow?

Well, serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes. The refreshing crispness and flavor of these toasted flakes make appetites take a new lease on life. Good for you too. So rich in energy and easy to digest.

Fine for the children. Order the red-and-green package from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's for crispness